

TIME



On the night of June 17,
a gunman opened fire
in the basement of a
church in Charleston.
Nine people died.
Five survived.

What It Takes to Forgive a Killer

SURVIVORS AND FAMILIES
TELL THEIR STORIES



Tyrone and Felicia Sanders, parents of shooting victim Tywanza Sanders

Cover Story

After the Massacre

The gunman who killed nine people in the South's oldest African Methodist Episcopal church in June hoped to provoke a race war. Instead he sparked an outpouring of grace and forgiveness. A TIME special report from Charleston, S.C.

By David Von Drehle
with Jay Newton-Small and Maya Rhodan **42**

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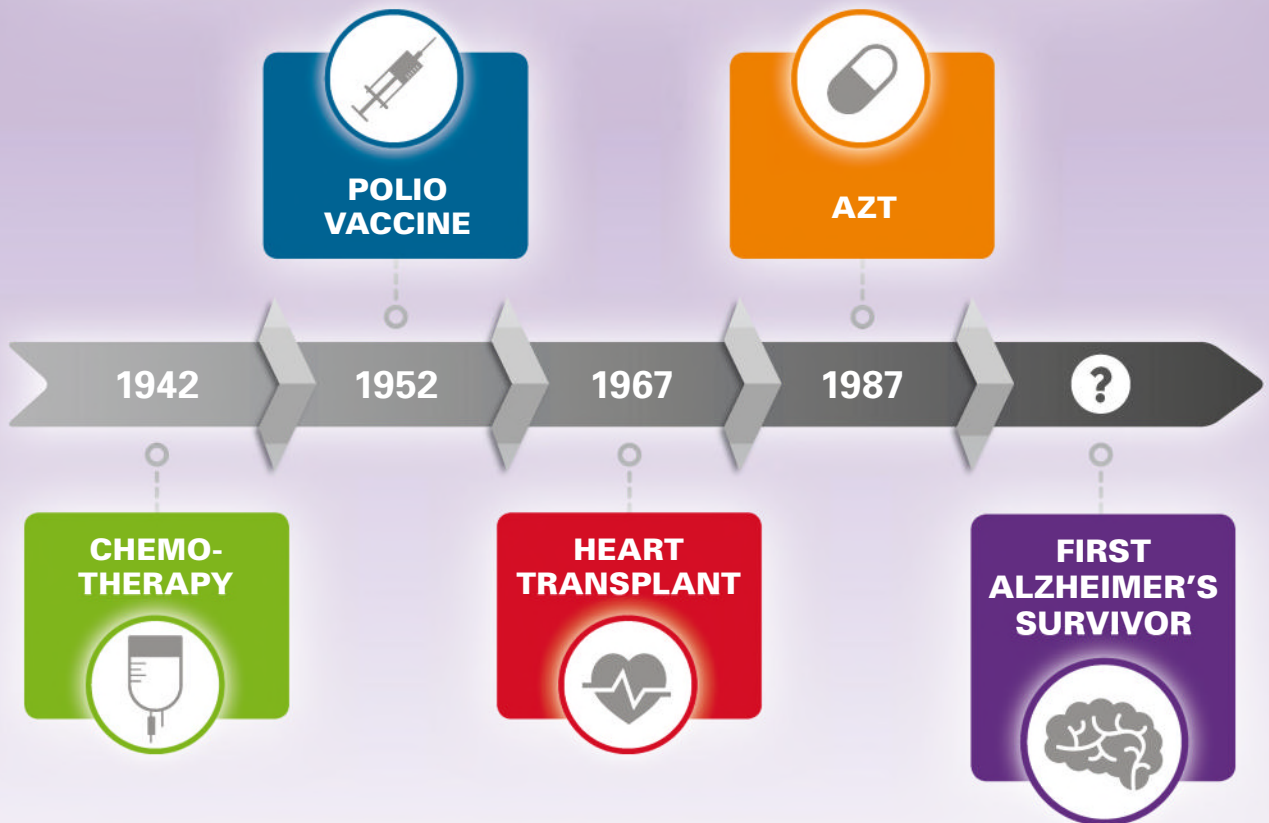
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The quality of mercy

SOME ACTIONS SIMPLY CAN'T BE EXPLAINED, only explored, their meaning shifting with the passage of time. First came the crime—a young man warmly welcomed into a church Bible study in Charleston, S.C., in June, only to pull out a .45-caliber handgun from his fanny pack and methodically shoot one member after another, nine in all. Then, within 48 hours, came the plot twist, as surviving family members stood at a bond hearing and proclaimed mercy on his soul. Days later the bitter debate over the Confederate flag ended, flags disappeared like startled birds, and the country leaned back, relieved that an act of violence meant to ignite a race war devolved instead into a pageant of amazing grace.

Except like all parables, this story was not over, as the lessons were more complex. The physics of mercy is a mysterious science, as David Von Drehle writes in his extraordinary account of what has happened in Charleston in the past five months. “Ultimately, this story is the who, what, when and why of forgiveness,” David says. “But to tell that story, we had to make a main character of Loss. The essay returns again and again—nine times in all—to reckon with this weighty presence, because we can’t really talk about forgiveness until we have a real feeling for the offense.”

After the shooting, I sent a pair of reporters to follow the unfolding story. Maya Rhodan and Jay Newton-Small arrived in Charleston on Aug. 2, rented an apartment and stayed through mid-September. They were there to learn as much as they could from the three people who survived as well as relatives of the slain. “We knew we couldn’t tell the story the way we wanted to—the way it needed to be told—without fully

immersing ourselves in the community,” Maya says. “We went to every Bible study, every church service. We took tours, attended rallies and even drove the routes some of the victims took to and from work and home and church.” They conducted well over 150 interviews, some lasting two, three and even eight hours, some spread over a period of weeks. At night, they walked the streets of Charleston going over the interviews they’d conducted during the day, trying to make sense of the deeply personal stories they’d heard. Photographer Deana Lawson spent weeks creat-



Charleston’s Emanuel AME Church was founded in 1816



Editor at large David Von Drehle has written more than 50 cover stories in his nine years at TIME



Correspondent Jay Newton-Small’s first book, *Broad Influence: How Women Are Changing the Way America Works*, is due out Jan. 5



Washington-based reporter Maya Rhodan has covered politics for TIME for nearly three years



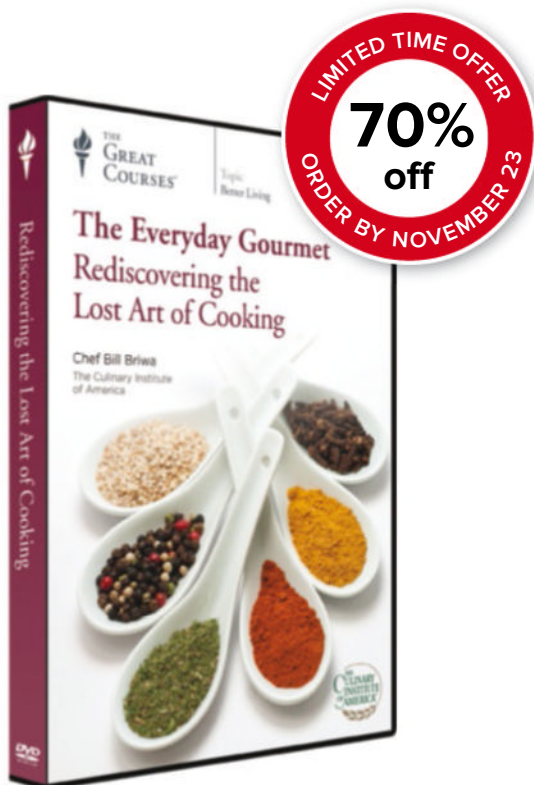
Photographer Deana Lawson’s work has been exhibited at New York City’s Museum of Modern Art

ing portraits of those friends and family members, each coping in their own way with the challenges of grief, anger and forgiveness.

Jay’s experience as a reporter, including covering the war in Iraq and the Boston Marathon bombing, was deepened by another experience over the summer. “My father died the week before I left for Charleston,” she says, “which made grief and grieving very much on my mind, though I lost my father to a long battle with Alzheimer’s—nothing as tragic as these murders. It also made it hard not to cry when my interviewees cried—and they all cried, every one of them.”

The philosopher Ernest Renan said that nations must forget the past in order to forgive and move forward. But perhaps Charleston points to the opposite truth. A genuine understanding of our past and an honest reckoning of the way it shapes our present is the only answer to the hatred that compelled this crime. As Maya says, “Despite the pages and pages of information that we’d gathered, we couldn’t help but feel like our work wasn’t yet finished. The truth is, the story of Charleston and the Emanuel Nine is still being written.”

Nancy Gibbs, EDITOR



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What you said about ...

THE DANGERS OF MEAT Jeffrey Kluger's Nov. 9 cover story on the growing consensus that processed meat can cause cancer prompted Randy Stevens, a doctor from West Terre Haute, Ind., to suggest that medical schools make teaching the dangers a "top priority." Deborah Elliott of Palisades, Calif., said she believed we should "ditch" meat altogether: It's high time to "ignore the genetic cravings and reformulate our cultural cues and habits," she wrote. (Some, however, objected to the idea that such cravings exist. "I have never craved or missed eating meat," wrote Sherrill Durbin of Mounds, Okla. "On the contrary, veganism opened up a world of foods for me that are so delicious, so satisfying, that I wished I had entered that world decades ago.") That idea didn't go down so easily with everyone. "What is breakfast without bacon?" wondered J. Thomas Steele of Hialeah, Fla. "Take my dog ... take my guns ... but you'll have to take my crispy bacon from my cold, dead hands!"

"The War on Delicious"? For ethical vegans, the title would probably be "The War on Cruelty."

SUZANA MEGLES,
Lakewood, Ohio



IRAN 2025 "They are a great civilization, and they were sleeping for a while. It's time they wake up," wrote Aysun Vosvos on Facebook in response to Karl Vick's Nov. 16 cover story on the future of Iran. Others said that change wasn't coming fast enough: "Why not before that date?" asked

Sila Nouredine, referring to the headline about 2025. Meanwhile, Ralph Russell of Berkeley, Ill., wrote to say that the article skipped an important factor that may shape what the country's future looks like: a new transport system between China and Pakistan that will soon reach Iran. "China, not the West," he wrote, "will buy Iran's oil and may be its biggest outside influence."

NOW PLAYING Tech Time, a weekly video series from TIME's experts, tackles some of the trickiest issues in the fast-moving world of technology—everything from how to play with a recreational drone to how laptop-tablet hybrids like the iPad Pro evolved over the years to how wi-fi works on airplanes. (*More on those below.*) "Our goal in these videos is to make complicated devices make sense," says deputy tech editor Alex Fitzpatrick, who hosts the series. Next up: Tech Time will explain how 5G wireless works and why everyone is excited about a new *Star Wars* game. Find the whole series at time.com/tech-time.



HOW TO PLAY WITH DRONES Though they have practical uses (like monitoring crops), they're also surprisingly sophisticated and fun to fly. Retailers expect to sell 1 million this holiday season. But don't launch near airports or populated areas—and watch your hand near the propeller.



HOW AIRPLANE WI-FI WORKS Nearly two-thirds of flights over the U.S. now offer an Internet connection. How do they stay online? It involves a sort of cell tower in reverse: signals are sent upward to the belly of the airplane, which houses a receiver and transmitter.



HOW TABLETS HAVE EVOLVED One of the first tablet-like devices ever imagined appeared in the short story that inspired 2001: A Space Odyssey. Since then, companies have continued to invest (most recently: Apple's iPad Pro and Microsoft's Surface Pro 4) despite lagging sales.

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HEALTH

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'Use my resignation to heal and start talking again.'



TIM WOLFE, University of Missouri president, stepping down from his position amid protests by students and faculty who accused the school's administration of not addressing racial tensions on campus; one student had staged a hunger strike and numerous football players threatened to sit out games

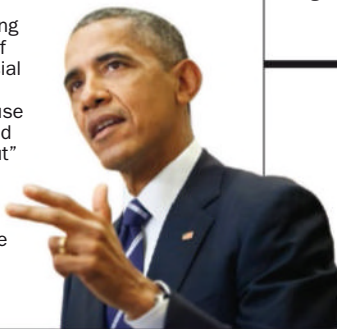


\$2.4 million

Price a guitar that belonged to Beatles legend John Lennon fetched at an auction; he used it to record the song "I Want to Hold Your Hand," among others

'We're going to have to keep some fossil fuels in the ground rather than burn them.'

PRESIDENT OBAMA, rejecting construction of the controversial Keystone XL pipeline because he said it would have "undercut" American leadership on fighting climate change



\$12,000

Amount in fundraising checks returned to a Seattle elementary school after a local garbageman found them near some trash bins

Chris Stapleton
The singer swept three categories at the Country Music Association Awards



**GOOD WEEK
BAD WEEK**



Chris Christie
The Republican failed to qualify for the Nov. 10 prime-time debate

'WE ARE ONE FAMILY. NO FORCE CAN PULL US APART.'

CHINESE PRESIDENT XI JINPING, at a meeting with Taiwan President Ma Ying-jeou, the first meeting between leaders of the two sides since before the end of the Chinese civil war in 1949



'I hope it's a wake-up call to Putin.'

DIANNE FEINSTEIN, top Democrat on the Senate Intelligence Committee, regarding suspicion that terrorists brought down a Russian airliner; she said Russian President Vladimir Putin needs to play a "major" role in fighting the militant group ISIS



800 Weight, in pounds, of an alligator that was found in a Houston-area parking lot



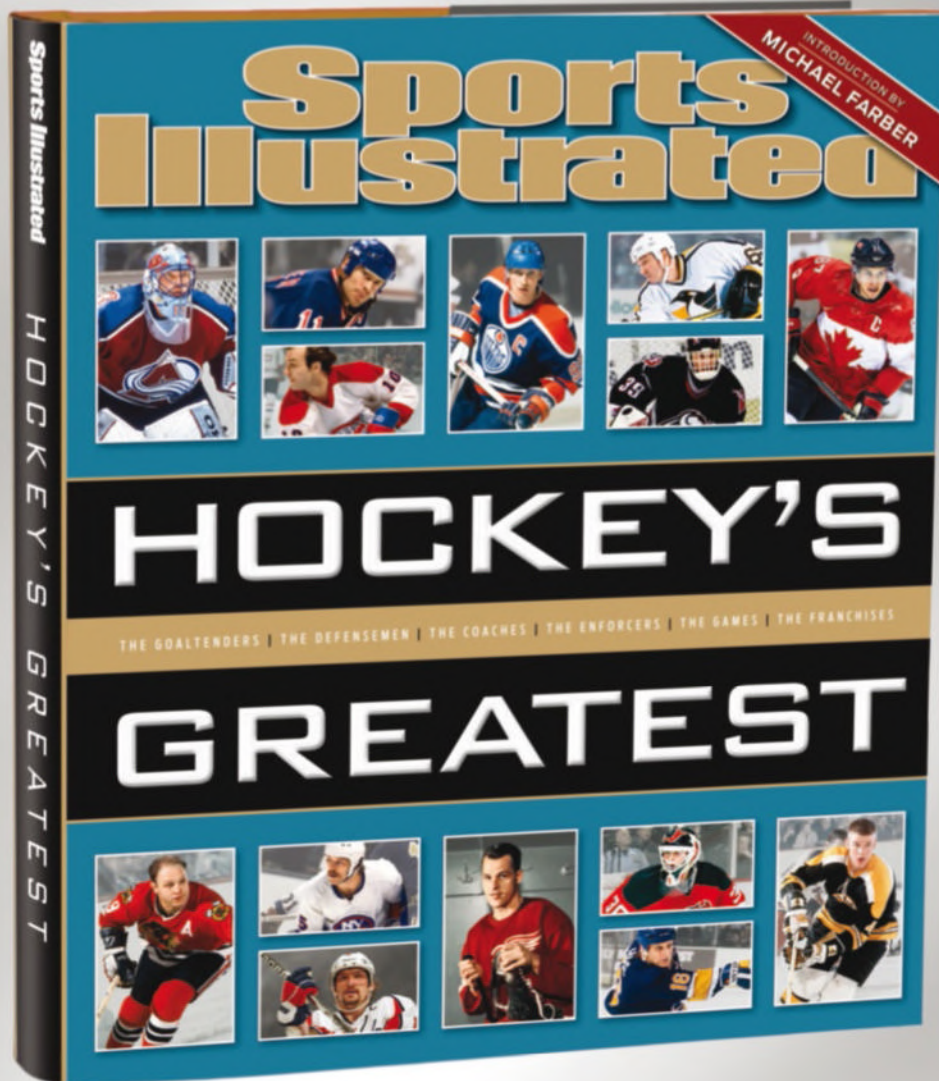
'This is a witch hunt.'



BEN CARSON, Republican presidential candidate, dismissing the growing questions about the veracity of parts of his life story as an "irrelevant" media-generated controversy

THE HOTTEST ON ICE

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The Brief

'I VOTED FOR AUNG SAN SUU KYI BECAUSE SHE IS THE MOTHER OF OUR COUNTRY.' —PAGE 26



Mourners in St. Petersburg's Palace Square commemorate the victims of Metrojet Flight 9268 on Nov. 1

SECURITY

A more dangerous ISIS is now the ultimate terrorist group

By Karl Vick

SOME 100,000 FLIGHTS TAKE OFF and land around the world each day, every one of which relies upon suspension of the fear that rises when wheels lift off tarmac. So for a terrorist group, bringing down a civilian airliner is a marquee achievement. It's something al-Qaeda has been trying and failing to do since Sept. 11. Now a consensus is forming that ISIS managed to pull it off in the month between the start of Russian strikes in Syria and Oct. 31, when Metrojet Flight 9268 exploded en route from Egypt to St. Petersburg.

Its destruction, killing all 224 on board, carries implications for air travelers well beyond the thousands of Russians stranded in the Egyptian resort of Sharm el-Sheikh, waiting for flights home on planes carrying no luggage in their holds (where a bomb may

have been slipped onto the doomed jet). U.S. Homeland Security tightened surveillance at some foreign airports. Airport workers everywhere—and just about anyone who can get near a plane—can expect even more scrutiny as the holiday travel season kicks off.

But will it be enough, given what the apparent Sinai attack says about ISIS? It stands as the world's ultimate terrorist group, operating on levels that no previous extremist organization has ever reached. It exists simultaneously as a military force, a political movement and a terrorist franchise capable of spectacular attacks.

The military piece clearly remains the group's primary preoccupation, and for good reason. Actually holding territory—the swath of Iraq and Syria it declared a caliphate—is what first

distinguished the group and what still animates its following. When volunteers in Western countries offered to do whatever ISIS wants—launch an attack where they live or hop a flight toward Syria—they were generally directed to join the fight in the Middle East. What attacks went forward in the West have been thrashing, lone-wolf efforts.

At the same time, ISIS has also taken a page from a lesser-known Islamist group: Hizb ut-Tahrir, or Party of Liberation. Hizb has been around for decades and has always been careful to refrain from advocating violence. It is a political, even bookish group with a utopian vision far removed from the bloody theology of ISIS—except for how that vision is supposed to come into being. Hizb advocates secretly placing followers in crucial positions throughout a secular state, then, when the time is ripe, seizing power through a coup.

It's never actually worked—there have been only three conspiracies alleged in the group's 63-year history, and all failed. Yet in the past four months, ISIS has inspired at least two: On Aug. 2, the United Arab Emirates announced that 41 people would go on trial for “trying to seize power and establish a caliphate.” Then on Oct. 28, Ethiopia arrested members of an ISIS cell allegedly planning to do the same. In May, in the Central Asian nation of Tajikistan, the U.S.-trained commander of the government's special forces showed up in an ISIS video—not being beheaded, but as a fighter. He'd turned.

ISIS is now the thing al-Qaeda never managed to become: a movement that inspires volunteers. The source of that inspiration likely depends on the individual. Many may hark to the group's dynamism—it's actually fighting, not drifting, as many Muslims say their global community has been doing since the last acknowledged caliphate was abolished at the close of World War I. When he established his caliphate in June 2014, ISIS leader Abu Bakr al-Baghdadi's call to arms appealed to the sense of aggrievement that has bedeviled Muslim politics since: “So rush O Muslims and gather around your [caliphate], so that you may return as you once were for ages, kings of the earth and knights of war. Come so that you may be honored and esteemed, living as masters with dignity.”

It's hard to know in whose breast those words will swell. But investigators are looking closely at the people who worked at Sharm el-Sheikh airport. It may have been infiltrated by Sunni extremists from the region who last year named Sinai a “province” of the ISIS caliphate, while retaining operational autonomy. (Investigators say ISIS headquarters in the Syrian town of Raqqa apparently did not know in advance about any plot to down the plane.) If ISIS's leaders turn out to like the idea, the world will be that much harder to keep safe. □



TRENDING



ELECTIONS

Indian Prime Minister Narendra Modi's ruling party suffered a **major electoral defeat in the populous northern state of Bihar** on Nov. 8. The result, coming after a huge loss in Delhi in February, could embolden Modi's rivals to unite against his economic reforms.



IMMIGRATION

The U.S. Justice Department will ask the Supreme Court to **rule on President Obama's immigration plan** to protect 5 million undocumented people from deportation, after the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals ruled on Nov. 9 that it exceeded his executive authority.



FINE ARTS

An oil painting by Amedeo Modigliani, *Nu Couché*, sold on Nov. 9 for \$170.4 million, the **second highest price paid for an artwork at auction** after Picasso's *Les Femmes d'Alger (Version "O")*, which fetched \$179 million in May. The buyer, Liu Yiqian, plans to display the work in Shanghai.

EXPLAINER

Russia's athlete-doping scandal

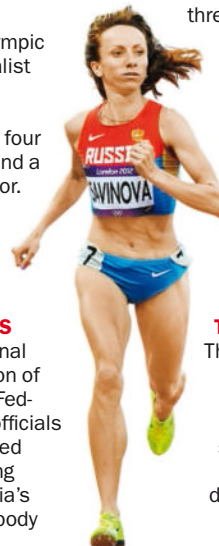
The World Anti-Doping Agency accused Russia on Nov. 9 of running a widespread doping program and called for its suspension from the 2016 Olympics in Rio de Janeiro. President Vladimir Putin's office called the claims “unfounded,” but the International Olympic Committee said it would begin disciplinary action against the accused. Here are four key targets of the report:

ATHLETES

The report calls for lifetime bans on five Russian runners, including 800-m Olympic gold medalist **Mariya Savinova**, along with four coaches and a team doctor.

TESTING LABS

Moscow's chief lab director is accused of the “malicious” destruction of 1,417 blood and urine samples just three days before investigators arrived. The head of the lab resigned on Nov. 11.



AGENCIES

International Association of Athletics Federations officials are accused of colluding with Russia's athletics body and being “inexplicably lax” in pursuing suspicious samples.

THE KREMLIN

The report says undercover officers from the Russian secret service intimidated doping officials and infiltrated antidrug work at the Sochi Winter Olympics.

DIGITS

\$441.6 billion

The value of trade in goods between the U.S. and China in the first nine months of 2015, making China the U.S.'s biggest trading partner for the first time. Canada dropped to second place because of falling oil prices.



MUD RIVER A horse walks through what remains of the Brazilian village of Bento Rodrigues, which was devastated by mudslides after two dams burst on Nov. 5 at an iron-ore mine in the southeastern state of Minas Gerais. After massive rescue efforts, only eight bodies were found. Twenty-one other people are missing and presumed dead. Environmentalists and government officials called for tighter regulation of Brazil's mining industry. *Photograph by Felipe Dana—AP*

BIG QUESTION

Does Catalonia have a hope of seceding from Spain?

ON NOV. 9, THE REGIONAL PARLIAMENT OF Catalonia formally began the process of declaring independence from Spain, which will include drafting a new Catalan constitution and establishing a tax system and welfare programs by mid-2017. The move heightened tensions between Madrid's central government and the northeastern region of 7.5 million people with its own language and culture. Though the breakaway campaign is further along than ever, the road ahead is long:

LEGAL OBSTACLES Spanish Prime Minister Mariano Rajoy called the Catalan move a "clear violation" of the constitution, which outlaws secession. Catalan President Artur Mas has already faced criminal charges for his role in organizing an unofficial 2014 independence referendum. On Nov. 11 the government lodged an appeal in Spain's top court to suspend the parliament's resolution.



POPULAR DIVISIONS Opinion polls suggest that a majority of Catalans favor a referendum on independence but are split on the question of cutting ties with Spain. Mas has struggled to form a coalition government of pro-secession parties since regional elections in September, and a leadership fight could delay the drive for independence.

ECONOMIC UNCERTAINTY With its capital Barcelona, Catalonia is one of Spain's wealthiest and most populous regions, accounting for 20% of the country's overall economy. But if the region does declare independence it would have to at least temporarily leave the E.U. and the euro zone, which could create economic shock waves. Wary of this prospect, major Spanish parties are now offering concessions to Catalonia ahead of general elections in December. Depending on who wins, the Catalans could yet opt for reform over independence. —NAINA BAJEKAL

◀ *The Estelada flag has symbolized Catalan independence for almost 100 years*

DATA

WHO CARES ABOUT CLIMATE CHANGE?

The Pew Research Center asked people around the world if they agreed that global climate change was a "very serious" problem. **Here's who said yes in various countries:**





TRENDING



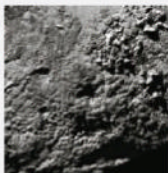
CONFLICT

A British ex-soldier became the first person arrested in connection with **the 1972 Bloody Sunday shootings**, following a 12-year probe that found the killing of 14 civilians in Derry, Northern Ireland, unjustified.



ANIMAL RIGHTS

SeaWorld said Nov. 9 it would **replace its controversial "killer whale" show** with a program showing orcas in a "natural setting." Park attendance has fallen since the 2013 documentary *Blackfish* exposed the dangers of keeping orcas in captivity.



SPACE

A NASA probe spotted possible **ice volcanoes on Pluto** formed by eruptions of frozen water, nitrogen, ammonia and methane on the dwarf planet's surface. The discovery came from the New Horizons probe, which flew past Pluto in July.

THE RISK REPORT

The migrant issue is dividing Europe

By Ian Bremmer

THERE ARE NOW TWO EUROPE. THE FIRST is home to those committed to common political values, shared burdens and an ever closer European Union. The second is for those who see national and European values in almost constant conflict, who say each nation should solve its own problems, whatever the cost to the dream of "Europe whole and free." This divide, intensified by a rising wave of Middle Eastern migrants, poses the most dangerous challenge the union has ever faced.

The question now before every E.U. citizen: In the name of unity and human rights, should European leaders make deals that require each country to welcome a certain number of refugees? Or should each state reserve the right to decide for itself how many migrants to accept?

Europe faced intense pressures even before the tidal wave of migrants began to crest, from challenges like the financial crisis and Ukraine. But it is the arrival of so many refugees—and the ISIS-age anxieties they provoke—that has done most to boost populists in every corner of Europe. In the west, parties like France's National Front, Britain's U.K. Independence Party and Germany's Alternative for Deutschland all have new political life. Farther east, Euroskeptic, right-wing populists have gained real power. When Viktor Orban became Hungary's Prime Minister for the second time in May 2010, his

xenophobic, authoritarian politics left him isolated in Europe. Now, thanks in part to Orban's willingness to build a wall to keep as many migrants as possible out of Hungary, he has inspired admirers in Central and Eastern Europe. Countries like the Czech Republic and even Poland have agreed to send police

and military officers to Hungary's border with Serbia to reinforce controls.

Orban has also forged ties with Germany's Christian Social Union—the main party in Bavaria and a permanent alliance partner with Chancellor

The migrant question is a more serious threat to Europe's future than anything in recent memory

Angela Merkel's Christian Democrats. During a September visit to Bavaria, Orban accused Merkel's government of "moral imperialism" and argued that by encouraging migrants to come to Europe, she is indirectly responsible for the fate of those who have died along the way. Thanks largely to this crisis, Merkel's approval ratings are at their lowest levels in four years—and Orban has many new friends.

The migrant question is a more serious threat to Europe's future than anything in recent memory, because it can't be resolved by a promise from a central bank or an infusion of someone else's cash. This is a question of Europe's identity—and whether it means as much to European voters as it did a generation ago. All the while, the refugees will keep coming, and it will become harder for governments to make sacrifices to welcome them. □

ROUNDUP

Global foods you can't eat in the U.S.

Scotland's rural-affairs secretary Richard Lochhead visited the U.S. this week to lobby the federal government to overturn a decades-long import ban on haggis, a Scottish delicacy made of sheep's innards, oats and suet traditionally cooked inside the animal's stomach. Lochhead suggested the recipe could be tweaked to remove sheep's lung, which the U.S. has outlawed in imports since 1971. Here are five other foods you can find only outside the U.S. —*Naina Bajekal*



KINDER SURPRISE

Sold across Europe, these chocolate eggs contain a toy inside. But a 1938 federal law bans nonedible objects embedded within food products. U.S. customs seizes tens of thousands of Kinder Eggs annually.



FUGU

A Japanese delicacy, this puffer fish contains potentially lethal amounts of tetrodotoxin, which can lead to paralysis or asphyxiation. U.S. restaurants can import only a treated, toxin-free variety.

Milestones



*Toussaint died
Nov. 9 at 77*

DIED

Allen Toussaint New Orleans R&B giant

ALLEN TOUSSAINT COULD CONDUCT A RHYTHM section to percolate with a bubbly ferocity that inspired the audience to dance, his approach a blend of streetwise sensibility and highbrow sophistication. Consistent in character on- and offstage, he was not only a titan of a musician but also a gentleman with a classic style and elegance.

The last time I saw Allen was this summer at the Newport Jazz Festival. “You are making us proud,” he said backstage after my set. “I am just trying to continue what you started,” I replied. He suggested that we properly catch up. We never got that chance, but I will strive to keep his music, influence and legacy alive in every note I play.

—JON BATISTE

Batiste is the bandleader of Jon Batiste and Stay Human and music director for The Late Show With Stephen Colbert

DIED

Screenwriter **Melissa Mathison**, 65, who wrote the beloved *E.T.*, for which she received an Oscar nomination. Her other films include *Kundun* and *The Indian in the Cupboard*. She had recently worked with Steven Spielberg again, on an adaptation of Roald Dahl’s *The BFG*.

WON

The English-language World Scrabble Championship, by Nigerian **Wellington Jighere**. With the 36-pointer *felty*, he became the first African to win the title.

FOUND

A sunken steamship in Lake Huron that is likely the *Hydrus*, the last unrecovered ship to sink in the Great Storm of 1913, the strongest on record in the Great Lakes. A group of shipwreck hunters had been searching for it for 30 years.

SPOTLIGHT

Saving Thanksgiving from Black Friday



Thanksgiving at Macy’s last year

FOR SOME STORES, THIS Thanksgiving is about turkeys, not TVs. A growing list of major outlets including Home Depot, Nordstrom, H&M, Staples and T.J. Maxx are opting out of the madness and closing their stores on the holiday. Here’s why:

CUSTOMERS ARE PUSHING BACK

Consumers are tired of the Black Friday buildup, which has spilled into Thanksgiving Day, cutting into family time. If they do go deal hunting, it will likely be from the comforts of home, according to PricewaterhouseCoopers, which estimates 80% of shoppers will shop online on Thanksgiving.

IT’S NOT LUCRATIVE Profit margins can already be thin, given the deeply discounted merchandise. Opening on Thanksgiving, when so few shoppers are in stores, can be an additional burden for brick-and-mortar retailers, which still have to hire staff and security.

EMPLOYEES ARE HAPPIER Some retailers are looking to boost employee morale by keeping stores closed. A Staples executive said that workers should “enjoy Thanksgiving their own way,” while outdoor retailer REI, which took the additional step of closing on Black Friday, encouraged its staff and customers to spend the time outdoors and share their day on social media using the hashtag #OptOutside. —EMILY BARONE



BELUGA CAVIAR

The eggs of wild beluga sturgeon were so popular that the fish became endangered. In 2005, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service banned wild beluga caviar in order to protect the species.



HORSE MEAT

The slaughter of horses in the U.S. for human consumption was banned in 2010. Federal law prohibits spending tax dollars on inspecting horse meat, effectively preventing grocery stores from selling it.



FRESH ACKEE

If unripened, the national fruit of Jamaica can cause blood-sugar lows that can lead to coma or death. Banned altogether until 2000, ackee can now be purchased canned or frozen.



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HEAL
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optum.com

Should your blood pressure be way lower than it is?

By Alice Park/Orlando

GIVEN THE INCESSANT PUBLIC-health messaging about the harms of high cholesterol and the risks of carrying around too much body fat, Americans might think that the best way to a healthy heart is to lose weight and keep triglycerides in check. And while no one would argue that taking those steps wouldn't benefit cardiovascular health, there's new evidence that high blood pressure is the heart's worst enemy.

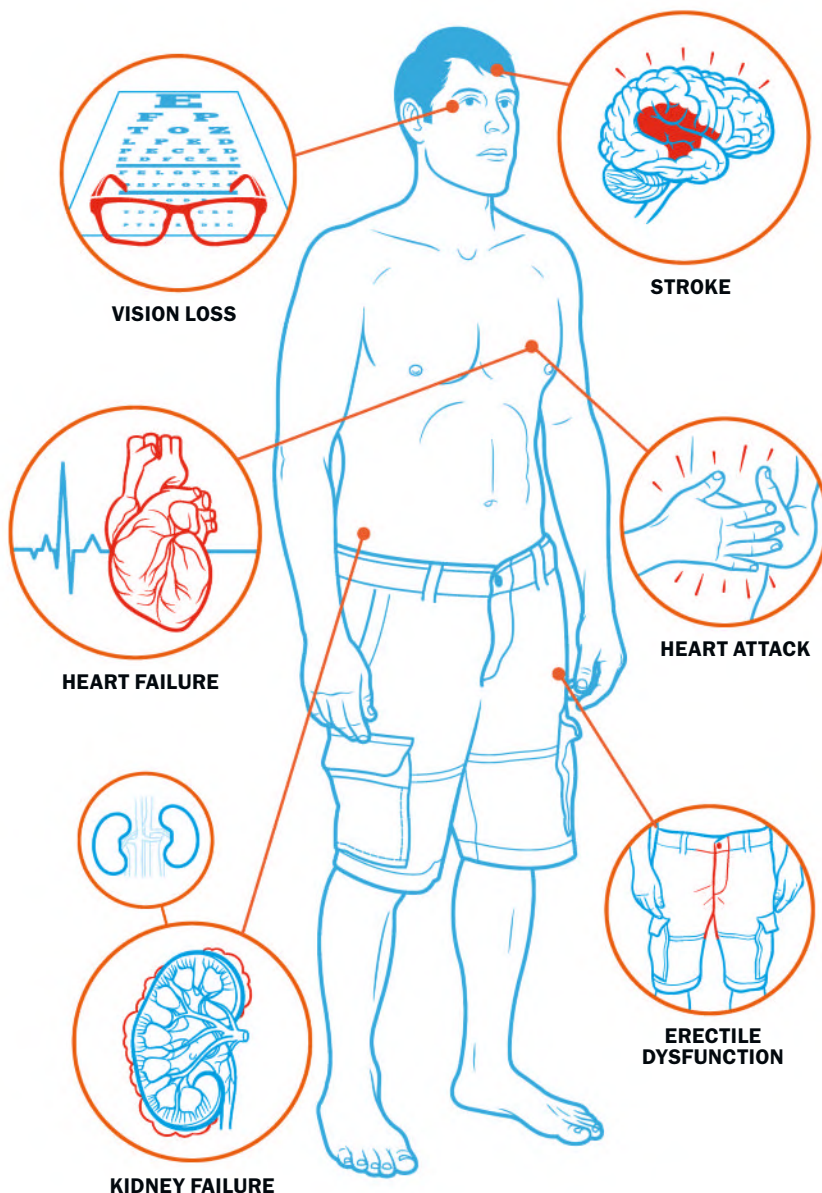
The risks were reinforced by the results of a much anticipated trial called SPRINT, which had the medical community buzzing this month at the annual meeting of the American Heart Association (AHA) in Florida. The results, published Nov. 9 in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, call into question current blood-pressure recommendations and suggest that lower is definitely better—the lower the blood pressure, the better the outcome.

SPRINT—which stands for systolic blood pressure intervention trial—is the largest study yet to compare people whose blood pressure meets the currently recommended levels of below 140 mm Hg with people who dropped their measurements even further. Researchers randomly assigned 9,300 hypertensive patients over the age of 50 one of two systolic-blood-pressure goals—below 140 mm Hg and below 120. Systolic pressure is the first number in the ratio and reflects blood flow as the heart pumps blood to the rest of the body.

Those who aimed for the blood-pressure target of 120 had significantly lower rates of premature heart-related deaths and early deaths from any cause, with the most pronounced benefit for heart-related conditions—those in the 120 group reduced their risk of heart failure by 38% and deaths from heart problems by 43% compared with the other group. The difference was so dramatic that researchers stopped the trial

WHY BLOOD PRESSURE MATTERS

Blood-pressure levels indicate how much force is being put on your arteries when your heart pumps blood through your body, delivering oxygen and nutrients to the body's tissues while also carrying away their waste. When it's too high, the risk of these serious complications goes up:



two years early because they couldn't justify keeping half the patients at the higher target.

"The general message here seems to be that lower seems to be better," says Dr. Paul Whelton from Tulane University, chairman of the SPRINT trial. "Overall we deem that the benefits of the lower blood pressure far

outweigh the potential for risk." The risk can range from side effects of the medications for treating hypertension to the dangers of lowering blood pressure too far.

While major medical organizations will not change their guidelines overnight on the basis of one study—the AHA and the American Medical

Association continue to recommend 140/90 or lower for most people and up to 150/90 for people over 60—the SPRINT results suggest that more people would benefit from lower blood pressure. Nearly 1 in 3 American adults has hypertension, and heart disease is the top killer for men and women. (Because systolic pressure has been linked most strongly to negative health effects, the SPRINT study focused on lowering that and not the bottom number of the ratio.)

Hypertension isn't exactly a new entrant to the list of heart-harming culprits, of course. Doctors have known for decades that pushing blood pressure too high can strain the heart and blood vessels, priming people for heart attack and stroke. Data from population-based studies suggested that people with lower blood pressure have fewer heart problems and decreased rates of premature death. But what doctors didn't know, says Dr. Jackson Wright, a professor of medicine at Case Western Reserve University School of Medicine and one of SPRINT's investigators, is "whether treating those elevated blood pressures would in fact decrease risk of those complications."

The SPRINT team found that it did. And that held true for people across age groups, gender and race.

The results will only stoke an already fierce debate over the optimal blood-pressure target. As recently as 2013, a group of experts recommended raising blood-pressure targets to 150 for people over age 60. The number, it turned out, was somewhat arbitrary. "No one believed that 150 was the optimal blood pressure," says Wright. "It was just that it was lower than the much higher numbers they were seeing in the patients."

But higher pressures for the elderly make sense when you consider that medical students were taught to add 100 to a patient's age to get the optimal systolic BP. Experts used to think the upper number simply *had* to rise to compensate for the natural stiffening of the arteries that comes with age. Plus, lower blood pressure too far and the elderly might end up at higher risk for falls, dizzy spells and confusion.

The new normal?

120

SYSTOLIC

Getting the upper number in a blood-pressure reading, which represents the heart as it contracts, below 120 can lower the risk of heart events and early death.

What the news means for you

If you have hypertension, your physician will consider your other heart risk factors like age before deciding whether you could benefit from taking more medications to bring your blood pressure even lower.

Some experts are still concerned that very low BP could be a bad idea for older people. Dr. Clifford Saper, chairman of neurology at Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Center, says patients whose blood pressure has been adjusted too low to support blood flow to the brain are already seeing doctors because of fainting, dizziness and falls.

In SPRINT, the group that lowered pressure more aggressively did indeed show a 1% to 2% increased rate of these side effects, with the exception of falls. But higher-risk groups like the elderly did not show any greater rate of these negative effects than people at lower risk.

Many physicians have already been working with their patients to hit lower blood-pressure goals, and the new data may make them comfortable with being more aggressive. "We had a hunch that lower was better," says Dr. Wayne Riley, president of the American College of Physicians, who was not involved in the study. "SPRINT validates that hunch. I think internists will embrace this with gusto in carefully selecting patients" to target lower levels.

The careful-selection part is important. The results of SPRINT do not mean that every person with hypertension should be dropping his blood pressure to under 120. Plus, to achieve those levels, it's unlikely that lifestyle changes alone would be enough. It could take three to five anti-hypertensive drugs, as it did for many of the SPRINT participants, to reach those lows. Doctors will have to weigh the benefits of doing that against the medications' side effects, which can include irregular heartbeat and painful leg cramps.

There are other unanswered questions, particularly about whether other groups—like those with a lower heart-attack risk—need to keep their blood pressure that low. So while SPRINT can help guide doctors' decisions about some of their patients, it doesn't mean that a new universal guideline for blood pressure is in order. Instead, it's a good reason for every person to find out, with his doctor, where his blood pressure should be. □



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How the GOP resurrected the flat tax

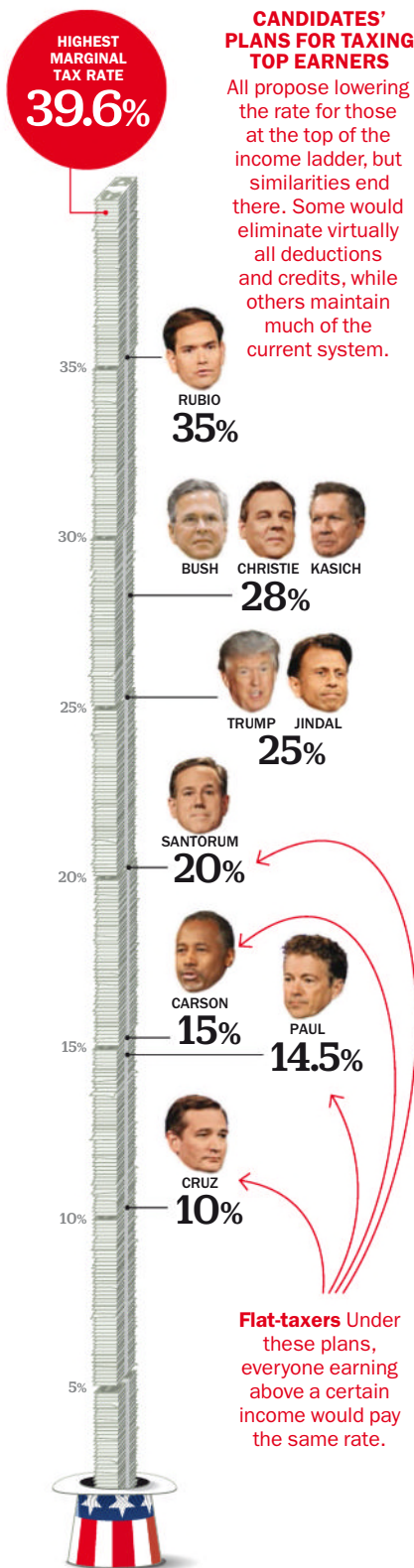
By Haley Sweetland Edwards

IN THE REPUBLICAN PARTY THESE days, flat is where it's at. "Everybody should pay the same proportion of what they make," explained presidential front runner Ben Carson as he laid out his tax plan during the first November debate. "You make \$10 billion, you pay a billion. You make \$10, you pay one."

There is a clear attraction to the simple logic of the flat tax (beyond its philosophical roots in biblical tithing). And the idea has come back into vogue after peaking during Steve Forbes' 1996 campaign. Last cycle, Herman Cain's memorable promise of a 9% across-the-board tax rate made him notable. Now at least five Republicans in the 2016 primary have advanced a flat-tax plan, each vying for the lowest possible rate, while Mike Huckabee has suggested scrapping income taxes entirely and replacing them with a single value-added sales tax.

They all want to sideline or abolish the auditors at the Internal Revenue Service and undo an American tradition of taking larger chunks from high incomes than from low ones—so-called progressive taxation—that was first enforced in 1913. Proponents argue that a simpler tax code would encourage people to work harder and would upend special-interest loopholes that riddle the current system. Any resulting decline in federal revenue could be used to shrink the federal government.

All of the proposed flat-tax plans carry a huge asterisk: if massive cuts to government programs, including politically popular ones like Medicare and defense, do not follow, the federal debt is almost certain to grow. "These low-flat-tax plans are either political fantasy or fiscal fantasy," says Tony Fratto, a Washington consultant who worked for President George W. Bush. Analyses by the Tax Foundation found that all of the candidates' current flat-tax proposals would lead to revenue reductions in the trillions while doing very



little to address the actual complexity of the current tax code. "What makes it so complicated has very little to do with the number of rates," explains Steven A. Bank, a tax expert and professor of business law at the University of California, Los Angeles. More complicated, he says, is determining what counts as income and how deductions and preferences function.

Flat-taxers do not have a monopoly on revenue-busting plans. Ohio Governor John Kasich, along with Marco Rubio, Jeb Bush, Chris Christie, Donald Trump and Bobby Jindal, has promised merely to simplify the existing system of progressive taxation by eliminating certain loopholes, lowering overall rates and creating new credits to protect investment. Most would also increase the deficit unless new cuts to government spending and entitlements were found. Trump argues it's only fair that wealthy people pay more than the middle class, while others point out that the non-wealthy tend to spend a higher proportion of their income—a macroeconomic boon in the long run.

Michael R. Strain, an economist at the center-right American Enterprise Institute, says the different strategies ought to be understood not as evidence of a deep ideological disagreement but as candidates' attempts to distinguish themselves in a crowded primary. "The plans are part a statement of values and part an effort to communicate a vision of their economy policy," he says.

After all, no President will be able to force through a partisan tax-reform bill anytime soon. The GOP will have to grapple with Democrats, many of whom support Hillary Clinton's plans to tackle growing income inequality by further re-engineering the tax code to discourage financial-industry profiteering. "It'll be a compromise," says Strain.

Before then, Republicans must figure out what they mean when they say conservative. Do deficits matter more, or do lower tax rates? Just a few minutes after Carson's explanation of his own tax plan, Kasich, who has called the flat-tax plans "fantasy tax schemes," bristled. "Now, I have a plan that, in fact, would cut taxes," he said, "but not \$11 trillion or \$12 trillion that would put my children further in debt."

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¹Source: LIMRA Secure Retirement Institute, Not-for-Profit Market Survey, first-quarter 2015 results. Average assets per participant based on full-service business. Please note average retirement account balances are not a measure of performance of TIAA-CREF retirement offerings. ²The Lipper Award is given to the group with the lowest average decile ranking of three years' Consistent Return for eligible funds over the three-year period ended 11/30/12, 11/30/13, and 11/30/14 respectively. TIAA-CREF was ranked among 36 fund companies in 2012 and 48 fund companies in 2013 and 2014 with at least five equity, five bond, or three mixed-asset portfolios. Past performance does not guarantee future results. For current performance and rankings, please visit the Research and Performance section on tiaa-cref.org. TIAA-CREF Individual & Institutional Services, LLC, Teachers Personal Investors Services, Inc., and Nuveen Securities, LLC, members FINRA and SIPC, distribute securities products. ©2015 Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association of America-College Retirement Equities Fund (TIAA-CREF), 730 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10017. C24849D

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Supporters of Aung San Suu Kyi celebrate in Rangoon as they hear the results of Burma's election

PHOTOGRAPH BY
NICOLAS ASFOURI—AFP/
GETTY IMAGES



SOUTHEAST ASIA

Burma's long-awaited elections make history

SOON AFTER DAWN ON NOV. 8 IN downtown Rangoon, a line of Burmese, their bodies pressed tightly together, shuffled forward to cast their votes. Elsewhere in the world, voting is so routine as to barely feel like a privilege. But the final outcome of Burma's historic elections could usher in the nation's first democratically elected government since an army coup more than half a century ago. "This is my first time voting," said Zar Ni Ni Khaing, a 38-year-old shopkeeper. "I voted for Aung San Suu Kyi because she is the mother of our country."

Suu Kyi, the adored leader of the National League for Democracy (NLD), was not, in fact, on the ballot in Rangoon. But for the millions of Burmese who put the NLD on the course to a sweeping win over the military's proxy party, their vote was an act of devotion to a 70-year-old Nobel Peace Prize laureate who still wears flowers in her hair. The NLD had dominated a 1990 election, only to have the country's junta ignore the results and keep Suu Kyi under house arrest for 15 years. Until a few years ago, to distribute NLD pamphlets was to invite imprisonment. Now it was time to mend the sins of history.

The new election was "free but not fair," as Suu Kyi put it. The military, which has orchestrated a transition to a "discipline-flourishing democracy," will maintain considerable power. Suu Kyi is constitutionally barred from the presidency, although she has coyly announced that she will serve "above the President." Burma remains poor, corrupt and riven by ethnic and religious tensions. Still, the fact that a former pariah state carried out peaceful elections was a respite from a global trend in authoritarianism. "Our people are thirsty for change," says Wai Phyto Aung, who won a parliamentary seat for the NLD in Rangoon. "We have been waiting for this day."

—HANNAH BEECH/RANGOON

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The View

'IF BEAUTY IS IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER, THEN SO IS UGLINESS.' —PAGE 30



Some companies and lawmakers are demanding more transparency in the workplace

WORK

How publishing salaries could close the wage gap

By Eliza Gray

A FEW WEEKS AGO, LEMA KIKUCHI started thinking about asking for a raise. It felt like the right time: the 35-year-old had just started a new role at SumAll, a small marketing-analytics firm in Manhattan, after working there for a year and a half.

Like many professionals, especially women, Kikuchi used to dread this conversation. "It was a stressful thing," she says. How are you supposed to know your worth—let alone demand it—if none of your colleagues talk about theirs?

But this time Kikuchi had an advantage: an internal document, created and distributed by SumAll, that listed the salaries of every employee, including when and by how much those salaries had increased. "It removed the anxiety of figuring out what I am going

to say," she says, which empowered her to make her case.

At a time when the average American woman earns 78¢ for every dollar a man does and the average American CEO earns some 300 times as much as his lower-level employees, a small but growing number of companies and individuals are looking to wage transparency—like that at SumAll as well as Austin-based Whole Foods Market—to close the gaps. Armed with clear-cut data, the thinking goes, female employees will be more driven to ask for what they deserve, and companies will be less able to ignore any kind of wage-based inequality. "It's a great equalizer," says Mark Ehrnstein, who heads human resources at Whole Foods. "If a team member were to say, 'Gee, there's a

pattern emerging here,' we'd want to hear about it."

Lawmakers are starting to agree. Last year President Obama signed two executive actions: one prohibiting federal contractors from retaliating against workers who talk about what they make, the other calling for a new rule that would make contractors disclose their wage gaps by gender and race. (Prime Minister David Cameron has proposed an even more ambitious effort in the U.K.) By 2018, most publicly traded companies in the U.S. will be required to disclose the ratio between their CEO's salary and the salary of their median worker, per a recent SEC ruling.

Will transparency really make a difference? Anecdotally, the evidence is positive. In the federal government, where salaries have been publicly available for years, women in white collar jobs make about 87¢ on the dollar compared with men, according to a recent study from the Office of Personnel Management. That's not parity, but it's a significant improvement over the average (and it does not account for women who voluntarily take lower salaries in exchange for flexible hours or more time off to care for children). And in Austria, where large companies started reporting the median wages of men and women by job category in 2011, laying bare the discrepancies has prompted a national debate over how to fix them. At Whole Foods, such efforts are essential: in order to create "a high-trust organization ... where people are all-for-one and one-for-all," co-CEO John Mackey has said, "you can't have secrets."

But there are drawbacks to transparency, especially if it involves publishing individual wages. After all, those figures comprise a lot that colleagues don't see, such as previous experience, special skills and salary history. That may well breed contempt. "If all I know is your salary is bigger than mine and you are doing the same job, I am going to be upset at you for earning more," says Stephanie Thomas, a researcher at the Institute for Compensation Studies at Cornell University. Moreover, employees who know they're being underpaid might rather leave than negotiate.

Buffer, a social-media startup with staff scattered around the world, is taking a more unusual approach to these issues. After examining salaries in 2012 (and then making them public), CEO Joel Gascoigne realized there were random unfair differences. So the Buffer team created a universal raise and salary formula, accounting for factors like cost of living, time at the company, leadership responsibilities and experience. Larger firms might balk at such transparency, which also makes it harder to offer monetary incentives to hotshot workers. But Gascoigne says his mostly millennial employees tend to appreciate that their world—and their workplace—"is becoming more open." □

VERBATIM

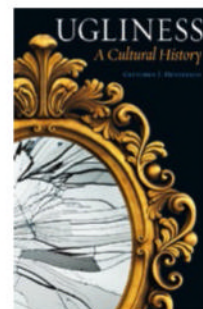
'I would hope that his ... desire to spend time with his family could be replicated in family policies ... that allow all workers to have some family time, not just the most affluent.'

SENATOR KIRSTEN GILLIBRAND (D., N.Y.), on Representative Paul Ryan (R., Wis.), who said he would not run for Speaker unless he could spend weekends with his family



NUTSHELL

Ugliness: A Cultural History



IF BEAUTY IS IN the eye of the beholder, then so is ugliness. For proof, look no further than the concept's own history, most recently traced by Gretchen E. Henderson. Although there are some objectively repugnant moments—until the late 20th century, cities including Chicago and Omaha had “ugly laws” that made it illegal for people with disabilities to appear in public—many transgressions that once seemed ugly now look like progress. Among them: the 17th century Chinese painting *Ten Thousand Ugly Inkblots*, which resembles lauded work from Jackson Pollock, and the music once described as “grunts and squeaks,” also known as jazz. “Rather than mere binaries,” Henderson writes, “ugliness and beauty seem to function more like binary stars.” They orbit and attract each other, and we can admire both.

—LILY ROTHMAN

CHARTOON

Updated chess pieces



JOHN ATKINSON, WRONG HANDS

DIGITS

83

Number of miles walked by Chinese robot Walker 1 on a single battery charge (134 km), more than doubling the record for robots with four legs



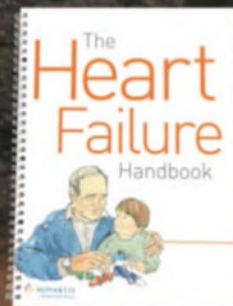
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SNAPSHOT

The twisted tower

Skyscrapers usually start off bulky at ground level and become slim as they rise. Vancouver House, a twisting condo tower by Danish architect Bjarke Ingels, does the opposite. The lower floors of the 59-story building, set to open in 2019, will squeeze into a narrow triangular lot constrained by highway off-ramps and an adjacent park. Once the tower has cleared the surrounding cityscape, it will curve outward, blooming into larger penthouse floors. The Westbank-developed Vancouver high-rise just won the World Architecture Festival's Future Project of the Year award; judges called it a "delightful" use of a "typically abandoned public space." —Julie Shapiro

BIG QUESTION

Did dark matter murder the dinosaurs?

WE MAY CARE A LOT ABOUT DINOSAURS, but you know what doesn't give a fig about them? The entire rest of the universe, that's what. The great thunder lizards that once ruled Earth are beasts of no consequence in the great sweep of everything. Unless, of course, something in that sweep of everything is what set loose the object that collided with Earth 65 million years ago, causing the dinosaur die-off in the first place.

That's the premise of *Dark Matter and the Dinosaurs*, by Harvard particle physicist Lisa Randall—and she makes a compelling case. Dark matter is the not-fully-explained stuff that makes up 85% of all matter and is believed to surround galaxies in a sort of sphere, holding them together. In 2014, Randall and her colleagues developed a model of a different type of dark matter, which interacts electromagnetically and exists in a thin layer in the middle of the Milky Way, sand-

wiched between its top and bottom halves.

Most of the time, that would have no consequence for Earth. But every 35 million years, as our sun orbits the center of the galaxy, it would cross that dark-matter equator, creating a disturbance that could jostle the comets that hover at the fringes of our solar system, sending one plunging toward Earth. Geological records do suggest heavy cratering on Earth at about those intervals, and fossil records suggest corresponding die-offs.

All this matters for reasons that go beyond merely closing a very cold case file. The universe, Randall elegantly argues, is an organic thing, a symphonic thing, with all its myriad parts contributing their own notes. Pluck a string billions of light-years away and a single leaf on a single tree may vibrate on Earth. The dinosaurs paid with their lives for that fact, but the universe—as it has for so long—just played on. —JEFFREY KLUGER

DATA



WHAT PEOPLE WANT FROM VIRTUAL REALITY

Touchstone Research and Greenlight VR recently surveyed 2,282 Americans about what they actually want to do on virtual-reality headsets like those from Samsung, Sony and more. Here's what they said:



37%

TRAVEL OR EXPLORATION



33%

GAMING



10%

SHOPPING



4%

WATCHING MOVIES OR TV

People love **Royals**



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Two college protests reveal growing divides on American campuses

At Yale, a costume drama

By Jack Dickey

IN RECENT DAYS, SIMILAR PROTESTS HAVE rattled two very different college campuses. At the University of Missouri, activists and athletes rallied against racial hostilities, prompting the resignation of the president and chancellor. At Yale, two faculty members faced heavy scrutiny of their own.

The Yale brouhaha was churned up by, of all things, Halloween. Before the holiday, the school's Intercultural Affairs Council sent an email asking students to take care with their costumes. "Could someone take offense with your costume and why?" the email suggested students ask themselves, noting several examples of unacceptable costumes. To which Erika Christakis, a lecturer and the wife of professor Nicholas Christakis, the master of one of Yale's residential colleges, replied, "I wonder, and I am not trying to be provocative: Is there no room anymore for a child or young person to be a little bit obnoxious ... a little bit inappropriate or provocative or, yes, offensive?"

Despite a backlash, Christakis defended her note. Some students said they no longer felt safe in her husband's residential college. One student berated him on the quad: "You should step down! ... You should not sleep at night. You are disgusting."

That moment was captured in a clip now viewed more than 1 million times on YouTube. It was taken by Greg Lukianoff, who runs the Foundation for Individual Rights in Education and happened to be at Yale as a guest of the Christakis' to give a talk on free speech. "I've never seen it this bad," he says. "I think we're teaching a generation to overreact to speech as if it were a physical threat."

Those videos and other posts online have helped blow the lid off Yale's teapot tempest. But if Missouri's protests echoed Black Lives Matter, Yale's conjured an older debate, reignited in 2015, about free speech and higher education. A January essay by Jonathan Chait in *New York* lamented the renaissance of the campus political correctness of the early '90s. He offered as evidence the rise of trigger warnings on academic syllabi—which allow students to skip works they might find traumatic—and the recurrent protests against high-profile commencement speakers. In September, the *Atlantic* published a cover story by Lukianoff and psychologist Jonathan Haidt on "the coddling of the American mind."

Places like Yale are more devoted than ever before to pleasing their students

Hundreds of students have since signed their names to an open letter condemning the Christakis. It contains this sentence: "We, however, simply ask that our existences not be invalidated on campus," which is undeniably weighty as far as theoretical Halloween costumes go. (The protest has since shifted to one concerning the broader issue of Yale's treatment of students of color.)

Figuring free speech as the central issue at Yale, though, misses a bigger point, and not only because bullies have throughout history invoked free speech as a defense for their intimidation.

What the mess does spotlight is the corner into which today's top universities have painted themselves in promising four ideal years rather than four challenging ones. Places like Yale are more devoted than ever before to pleasing their students. William Deresiewicz, the author of *Excellent Sheep: The Miseducation of the American Elite and the Way to a Meaningful Life* and a former Yale professor, says elite universities now treat their students as customers. "The feeling is 'No, we must never let students feel bad.'"

Who would blame Yale students for feeling that way when tuition for the most recent academic year totaled \$62,200? Much of the rise in costs—at every school, not just Yale—has gone to pay for administrators, the school employees who don't teach or research. These are the people who are paid to make students happy rather than provoke them in classrooms. No wonder students are inclined to cast their lot with them. □

CAMPUS UNREST



SMITH COLLEGE
MAY 2014

After students protest IMF director Christine Lagarde, Lagarde withdraws as commencement speaker.



COOPER UNION
APRIL 2015

Within 48 hours of an announced tuition hike, the hike is killed after students call for the ouster of the school's president.



USC
MAY 2015

Objecting to curriculum and faculty shifts, the graduate class of the Roski School of Art and Design withdraws from the MFA program.

At Missouri, race and resignations

By Victor Luckerson

I STILL REMEMBER THE PANG OF DISAPPOINTMENT I felt during college when our school president dismissed questions about our segregated Greek system. It was 2011, and I was the editor of the University of Alabama's student newspaper, the *Crimson White*. We had just published a feature about white sororities at the school that regularly excluded black women. The president responded via email to several questions about black exclusion with this: "As independent social organizations, it is appropriate that all our sororities and fraternities—traditionally African American, traditionally white and multicultural—determine their membership."

His statement was a deft dodge likely crafted by his PR reps and wholly unsatisfying to students struggling with racial issues. We expected this from giant corporations, but when did talking to the leader of a place of higher learning become the same thing as sparring with an evasive CEO?

I felt frustrated as a journalist but also hurt as a 20-year-old black man still shaping his views about the world. I had come to Alabama as a high-achieving student and been met for the first time in my life with very real systemic barriers. Blacks, it seemed, weren't supposed to join the richest, whitest fraternities and sororities, and they weren't supposed to hold the highest ranks in student government. But if the president cared about these issues, he didn't go to great lengths to show it.

The school's response to other racial incidents that year was delivered via email blasts with the same stock language whether it was a situation in

No one wants to see their personal pain reduced to a PR quagmire

which a fraternity member called a black student "n-gger" or one in which someone chalked a person hanging from a noose on the side of a building. Tensions boiled over, and hundreds of students staged a large demonstration pushing back against the idea that these were "isolated incidents."

My story of four years ago feels painfully similar to the narrative at the University of Missouri in 2015 in which a string of racist incidents culminated in an explosive student protest. But there, threats to the school's bottom line—a strike by mostly black players on the football team could have cost the school a \$1 million forfeiture fee on Nov. 14—led both the president and the chancellor to step down Nov. 9.

At the core of these conflicts is a disconnect between how students and administrators view the role of president. To students, the president is the moral center of a university, a person who should be accessible and responsive. Jonathan Butler, the graduate student whose hunger strike was at the center of the Missouri protests, called out school-system president Tim Wolfe for not meeting that expectation: "It's time for someone who can help the university be financially stable but also make sure that we are an amazing experience for students of all identities," he told the *Washington Post*.

Of course, Wolfe's job, and the job of most university presidents, did not primarily revolve around interacting with students. As the leader of Missouri's four campuses, he was responsible for finding "opportunities for efficiencies" and "investing in human capital." Before entering higher education, he was an executive at IBM.

But students are not shareholders. They're young adults, recruited with the promise of a rich campus life and the chance to challenge conventional wisdom. So it's crushing when administrators respond to accusations of racism with emails and distant promises of diversity initiatives. No one wants to see their personal pain reduced to a PR quagmire.

And now, because of what happened at Missouri, students across the country are aware of their economic power, and they're likely to use it again. (Mizzou faced not only the million-dollar fine but also potential lost donations.) Being the president of a university just got a lot harder—but leaders ready to step up to the challenge can make being a college student just a bit easier. □



HOWARD UNIVERSITY
SEPTEMBER 2015

Students stick colored Post-its on pillars of the administration building, protesting issues from financial disorganization to mildew in dormitories.



VILLANOVA
OCTOBER 2015

Students gather to protest the administration's decision to arm campus police, calling it a "betrayal" of college values.



MIT
OCTOBER 2015

Administrators say they will not accede to calls to divest from fossil-fuel companies. The flare-up follows similar protests at other schools.

Which countries censor the Internet?

By Emily Barone

ACCORDING TO A RECENT report from Freedom House, a pro-democracy nonprofit based in the U.S., 61% of Internet users live in countries where government criticism is restricted. Though widespread globally, censorship is not evenly distributed. The findings were a topic of discussion at a major Internet-governance conference that took place in Brazil this month. Here's a closer look:

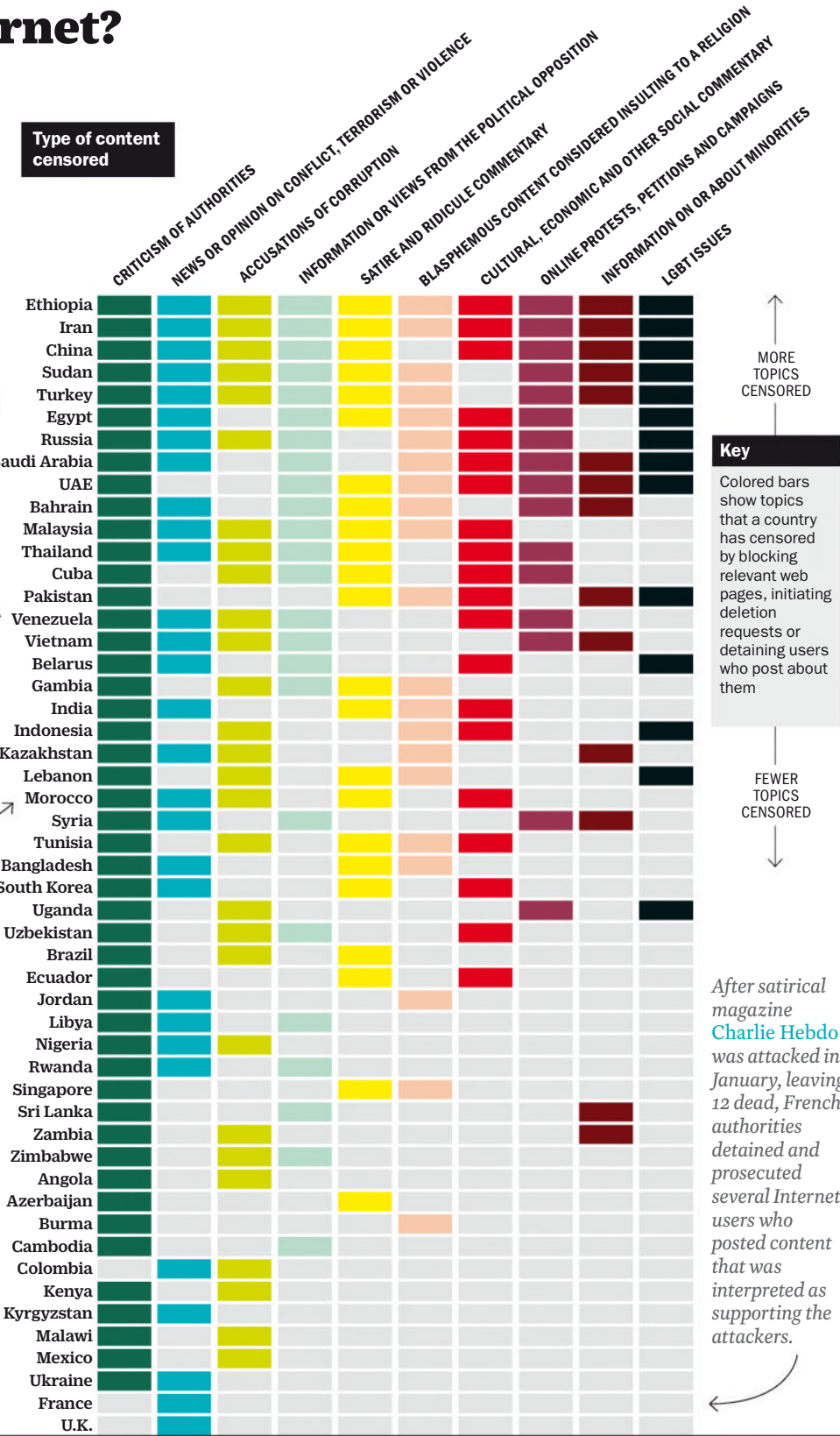
In June, an Iranian artist was sentenced to 12 years in prison for posting a cartoon of lawmakers with animal heads.

Venezuela has blocked commentary on the black-market dollar exchange rate as well as photos of long lines outside supermarkets.

In Morocco, rapper Othman Atiq served three months in jail after he criticized the state in online videos.

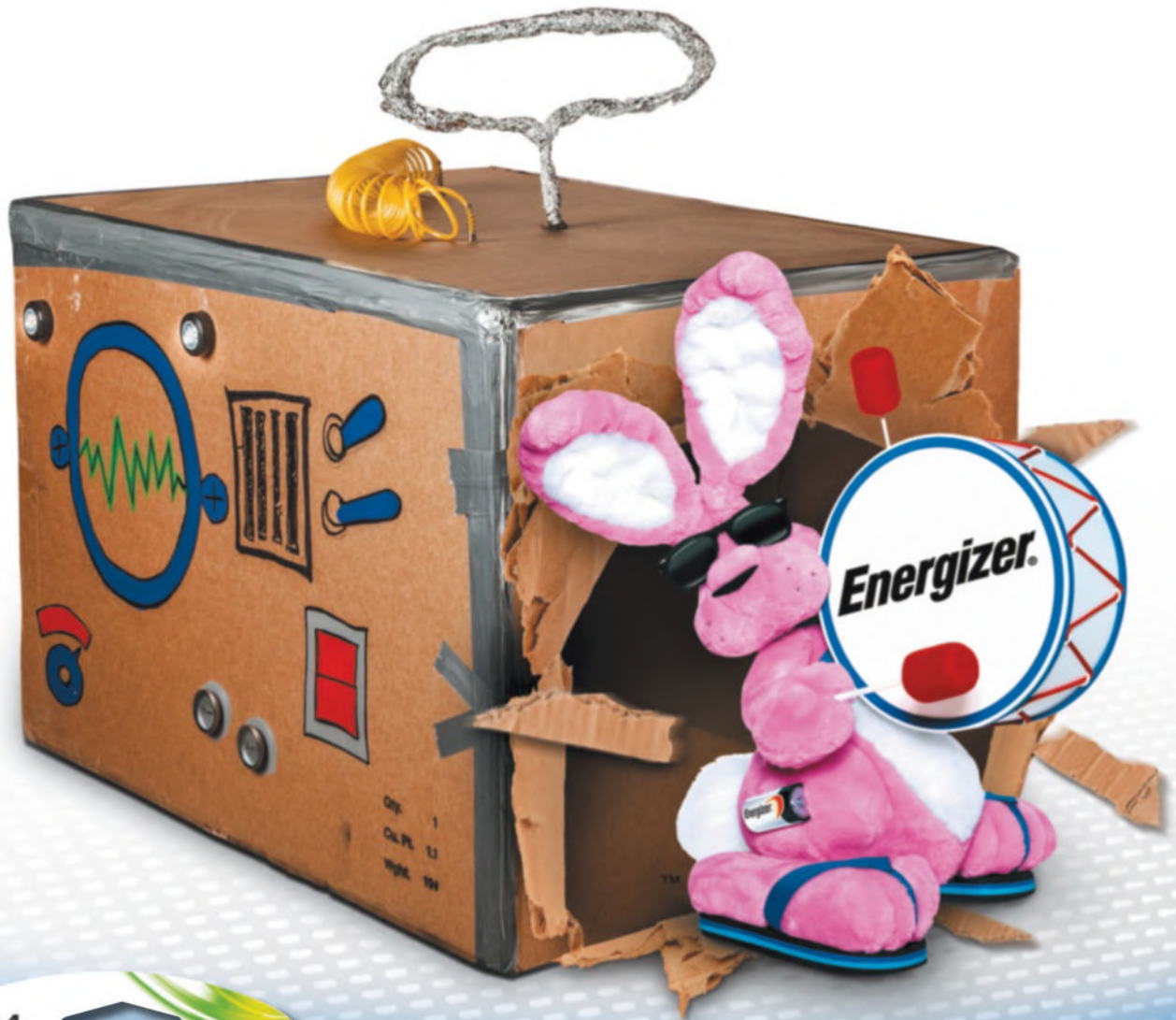
Countries with no censorship

- Argentina
 - Armenia
 - Australia
 - Canada
 - Estonia
 - Georgia
 - Germany
 - Hungary
 - Iceland
 - Italy
 - Japan
 - Philippines
 - South Africa
 - U.S.
- Countries that do not block content are still struggling to balance free speech with public safety. In the U.S., the Senate Intelligence Committee approved—and later dropped—legislation requiring social-media companies to report suspected terrorist content.



CENSORSHIP ACTIVITIES EVALUATED FROM JUNE 2014 THROUGH MAY 2015, EXCEPT IN SRI LANKA, WHICH WAS EVALUATED UNTIL JANUARY 2015. SOURCE: FREEDOM HOUSE

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New hope for the treatment and prevention of Alzheimer's

By Alice Park

Ever since Dr. Alois Alzheimer first described more than a century ago the brain disorder that would later take his name, Alzheimer's disease has vexed doctors and patients alike. Researchers have made progress over the decades, but so far, their efforts have not done much to slow the disease, much less reverse the damage it causes to the brain once it sets in. In the meantime, the number of people living with the disease is on the rise; by 2050, an estimated 160 million people worldwide will be diagnosed with Alzheimer's. But now there is an unprecedented slew of promising strategies that scientists think may potentially treat—and even prevent—the degenerative disorder. Here are four advances that experts are hopeful about.

THE PREVENTION INTERVENTION

Researchers are beginning to identify genes linked to Alzheimer's—but your DNA isn't always your destiny, and lifestyle choices can also make a difference when it comes to the development and progression of the disease. “We've known for some time that knowing your numbers—your cholesterol, your glucose levels and your blood pressure—can lower your risk of heart disease,” says Dean Hartley, director of science



initiatives at the Alzheimer's Association. “But those are important for Alzheimer's disease as well, and every one of those is modifiable.” A couple of pioneering studies show that improvements in diet, exercise, social connections and adherence to medications can slow and even possibly reverse some of the symptoms of the disease. In one study, the improvements in memory and executive function occurred in as little as two years.

THE SLOWDOWN STRATEGY

The hallmark of Alzheimer's, biologically speaking, is sticky plaques of a protein called amyloid that build up in the brain. When the protein isn't removed fast enough by the body, it forms deposits that strangle—and ultimately suffocate—nerve cells, leading to memory loss and problems with other cognitive functions. Now, thanks to state-of-the-art brain imaging, scientists can see even the tiniest amyloid clusters in the brain long before they cause symptoms. That kind of imaging makes it possible for scientists to test—and assess—drugs that may interfere with amyloid buildup. Some promising compounds bind to amyloid and prevent it from clumping together; others essentially mark the amyloid as an intruder in the brain, which triggers the immune system to target it for destruction.



THE VACCINE CANDIDATE

Using the immune system to detect and eliminate amyloid plaques and tau tangles (the latter are characteristic of later-stage disease) is a tantalizing idea that researchers have been working on for more than a decade. The first Alzheimer's vaccine didn't go well; the trial ended early, in 2002, when six volunteers developed life-threatening brain swelling. But newer vaccines being tested are benefiting from a deeper understanding of the immune system. Researchers are attempting to develop amyloid-based vaccines that would train the body to recognize those troublesome proteins and then attack them—which is exactly how the flu shot and other viral and bacterial immunizations work.

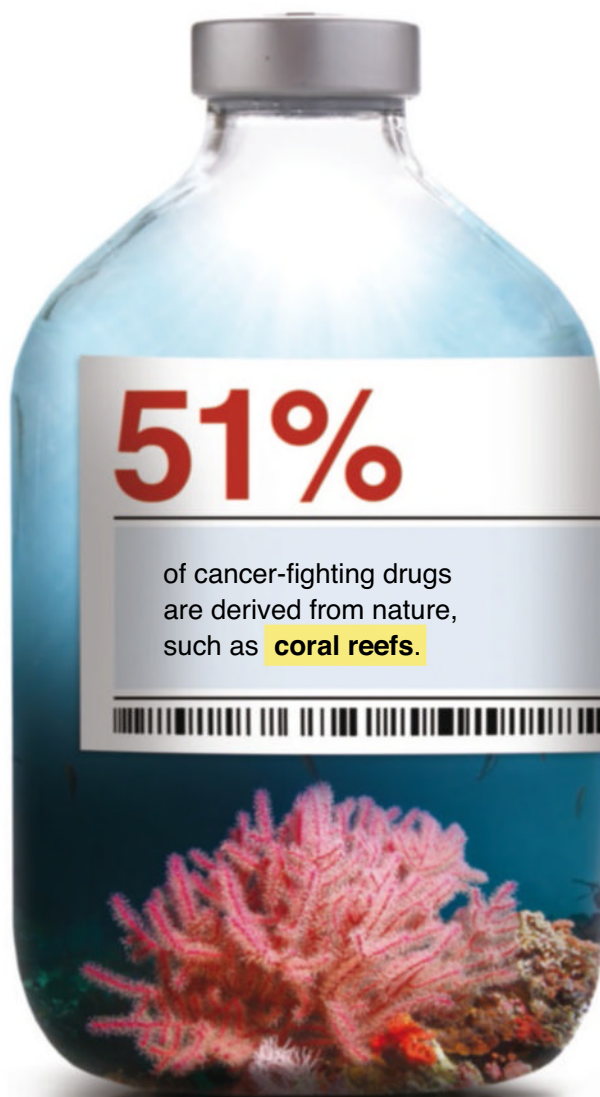


THE TREATMENT APPROACH

There's even hope on the horizon for the millions of people caught in the grip of Alzheimer's—and for their caretakers. While no single drug or strategy is ready for prime time, scientists are working on ways to reverse the disruption that amyloid plaques cause in nerve communication. One of the drugs just starting trials in people is meant to work a bit like releasing the gas pedal of a car, as opposed to slamming on the brakes; eventually, drugs like this may push the balance in favor of processes that help nerve cells in the brain survive in the presence of amyloid—rather than rush to their death. □




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Gracie Broome
The Rev. Clementa
Pinckney's grandmother,
at her home in Mullins,
S.C., with a photo
of him in his school
marching-band uniform.
"When you hear others
forgiving," she says, "it
makes you feel good."

A photograph of a room with floral wallpaper, a green armchair, and a large bundle of dried grasses. The wallpaper features a repeating pattern of small green flowers on a light background. In the upper left, a framed artwork shows a blue butterfly and a white flower. A green armchair with a colorful, abstract patterned cushion is visible on the right. A large, dense bundle of dried, golden-brown grasses or reeds stands in the center foreground. A person's arm and hand are visible on the left, resting on a wooden chair.

MURDER, RACE AND MERCY

Stories from Charleston

***By David Von Drehle
with Jay Newton-Small
and Maya Rhodan***

***Photographs of survivors and
families by Deana Lawson for TIME***

He did not kiss her goodbye that day.

Anthony and Myra Thompson never let much time pass without sharing an affectionate touch or warm embrace. This was one reason for their resilient marriage. Another was mutual respect: they trusted and believed in each other enough to speak honestly. When she thought he was being prideful, she said so: “Who do you think you are?”

Anthony chuckles as he remembers.

In restaurants—like the place downtown where he’s sitting and talking now, for instance—he and his wife shared their plates. They shared interests too, and the pastimes they did not share, they cheerfully tolerated. They shared a strong Christian faith that was the foundation of their lives. Anthony answered a midlife calling to become a priest in the Reformed Episcopal Church. Later, Myra felt the Lord’s summons to become a minister too. Anthony hoped that he could persuade her to leave the African Methodist Episcopal Church, but he soon realized she was too loyal. So he was content to enjoy the hours they spent discussing Scripture and commiserating over the often wayward, headstrong creatures they were given to shepherd.

That day (the day he did not kiss her goodbye) was a humid day in June when Myra asked Anthony to review her Bible-study plans for what seemed like the hundredth time. She was, he says, “a perfectionist. That’s the word.” Everything was just so in the Thompson house, spotless, gleaming. Myra, too, was radiant that day. “She had this glow about her. I don’t know how else to put it,” he says. “She was glowing, and I wanted to reach out and touch her, but for some reason, I just couldn’t. I couldn’t make myself reach out to her.”

He tells this calmly, but with intensity. After that frozen moment, Anthony had something to do in another room of the house. When Myra called out that it was time for her to leave for church, he shouted back to her: *Wait. Hold on. Be right there.* But before he could return, Anthony heard the door close and she was gone.

From a report by Detective Eric Tuttle of the Charleston police department: “I arrived at the incident location, 110 Calhoun Street, at about 21:40 hours ... I then observed a black male running toward the church as a patrolman tried to intervene. I tried to speak with the gentleman, who said that his wife, Myra Thompson ... was located inside of the church. I advised him that he would not be able to enter the church at this time and that the situation was very fluid.”

This scene doesn’t figure in Anthony’s account of that day, though he speaks of June 17 at length while his crab cake sits untouched on the plate in front of him. He doesn’t mention his frantic dash up Calhoun Street through the jam of police cruisers with their lights flashing, or the cop hurrying over to stop him, or the detective blocking his path and saying something about a very fluid situation. He doesn’t mention the fear, the anguish, the shock. Perhaps he would have talked about these things four months ago, when summer was coming down thick and sweaty over Charleston and that day was still a jagged wound. But the air is soft with the melancholy of autumn now, the pain is more of a vise and less of a dagger, and what he chooses to remember—if memory is even a choice—is Myra radiant just beyond his helpless reach, and the door closing.

II

Myra Thompson and eight others were murdered during their Wednesday Bible study at Mother Emanuel AME Church in the cen-

ter of Charleston, S.C. But you probably know that already, because the man-made catastrophe at Emanuel is among the most sorrowful and powerful stories in recent memory. At a time when the violent deaths of African Americans were triggering protests and even rioting from Missouri to Maryland—and a national movement sprang up to proclaim that Black Lives Matter—here was a cold-blooded attack by an avowed white supremacist intending to provoke a race war in the heart of the old Confederacy.

But instead of war, Charleston erupted in grace, led by the survivors of the Emanuel Nine. It happened suddenly, but not every survivor was on board. For some it was too soon; for others, too simple. Even so, within 36 hours of the killings, and with pain racking their voices, family members stood in a small county courtroom to speak the language of forgiveness.

The brief televised hearing electrified the country. President Obama was swept up by the feeling during his eulogy for slain Emanuel pastor the Rev. Clementa Pinckney and shifted into song: “Amazing grace, how sweet the sound ...” Blacks and whites filled the miles-long Ravenel Bridge in a show of unity, and within days the most contentious public symbol of South Carolina’s Civil War past, the Confederate battle flag, was removed from the state capitol grounds with relatively little of the controversy that had surrounded it for decades.

To hear interviews with survivors and victims’ families, visit time.com/charleston



The Rev. Anthony Thompson

Myra Thompson's husband in a garden at his Charleston church that is dedicated to his late wife. He found out after the tragedy that Myra had been made a minister that night and that the Bible study was her first official act.

The word *story* might seem trifling here. Yet there are all kinds of stories, including true and tragic and momentous ones like this. But a story so freighted with shock and pain doesn't end like a Hollywood movie, with the President singing and a divisive symbol coming down as the music swells. The dead are still dead, and sleepless nights of sorrow drag on. Loss is an aching void. And anger abides, even if the frank acknowledgment of it is now off script.

In the wake of the murders, families have split over the question of forgiveness. Church members have felt abandoned by their congregation. Hair-line fissures in a wide network of relationships have burst under the pressures of sudden fame and grinding grief. And as the months have passed, the survivors of Emanuel and others in Charleston have continued to search for the meaning of this story, through a process that is intensely personal and sometimes uncomfortably public.

At the heart of that struggle are two complicated subjects: history and forgiveness. The murders at Emanuel must be fitted into the long and tangled history of race relations, racial violence and oppression that stem from America's original sin. The accused killer, who published a manifesto of white supremacy before setting out on his hateful mission, made sure of that.

At the same time, the forgiveness expressed by some surviving family members left as many questions as it answered. Can murder be forgiven, and if so, who has that power? Must it be earned or given freely? Who benefits from forgiveness—the sinner or the survivor? And why do we forgive at all? Is it a way of remembering, or of forgetting?

In Charleston, survivors projected magnanimity and peace to the world. But feelings of outrage and demands for justice are every bit as real and long-lasting. Understanding what happened in the remarkable days after that act of evil requires a hard, relentless reckoning with all that has been lost and suffered.

III

The situation was fluid that night. The call to 911 was logged 43 seconds after 9:05 p.m. A man was shooting people inside Mother Emanuel. Polly Sheppard, the frightened caller, was in the room with the gunman, and she described his gray shirt, dark jeans and tan Timberland boots. She stayed on the line for more than 17 minutes, even as police swarmed to the historic white-sided

building with its black-shingled steeple.

Inside were eight dead bodies and one barely breathing. There were five survivors who were physically unhurt. Immediately amid the chaos, there were rumors and unfounded reports. At a nearby gas station, police collared and questioned a suspicious man. Inside a townhouse, a sleeping couple was roused from bed on an anonymous tip. Every car on every bridge leaving the peninsula was looked at as it passed, while still more cops raced through the streets of Charleston in search of what turned out to be the wrong make and model dark sedan.

Very fluid. A police dog went sniffing for the perpetrator. A false bomb threat came in over the phone. A detective scrambled in search of a church secretary who knew the code to unlock the room where the security cameras were operated.

The person who was clinging to life when police arrived died at the hospital. Eight victims became nine.

Hours went by seeming like ages to the families sequestered in a nearby hotel. They prayed and sang hymns and tried to hope. Finally, long after midnight, family members were taken aside to provide identifying details.

Investigators compared the details to photos of the dead. The picture of Myra Thompson, 59, her body riddled with bullets, felt like such an insult to a woman who treasured neatness and composure. Her home on Rutledge Avenue was a showcase of fresh flowers, white furniture and glimmering hardwood floors, buffed and waxed to perfection. In the dining room, formal dinnerware—as though displayed in a museum—filled a towering white wooden cabinet that was painted with a subtle floral vine. Her son, Kevin Singleton, would later recall the time that he complained to his mother that young Theo Huxtable of *The Cosby Show* never had to clean his room with Pledge. “This ain’t no TV show, this is real life,” his mom replied, and he dutifully gathered the cleaning supplies.

She had enough disorder during her own childhood. Her father was not part of her life. Her mother, an alcoholic, “took ill,” in the words of Myra’s sister Ruby Henry, and the children were divided among various relatives and foster homes. Myra ended up a few feet away in the home of her friends and neighbors the Coakleys. They introduced her to Emanuel, and in return she was loyal to the church for life.

Myra worked her way through college as a single mother and had a failed first marriage before she wed Anthony Thompson, a gentle man with a warm, round face. For many years, she was an eighth-grade teacher in Charleston, offering disadvantaged students the gift of caring and respect. But while she went to church, her husband says, Myra was one of those people who hear the word of God but resist letting it take root. This is a description he borrows

What he chooses to remember—if memory is even a choice—is Myra radiant just beyond his helpless reach, and the door closing

from the fourth chapter of the Gospel of Mark.

Mark 4: that was the lesson Myra had so painstakingly prepared. She wanted to review it one more time before she left for church that day. It recounts a parable told by Jesus of a farmer who scatters seed, and some fall on hard ground, some on rocky soil, some amid thorns. By the time she died, Myra had become good soil, in whom the seed of God's word grows strong, Anthony says. She was one of those who "hear the word, and receive it, and bring forth fruit, some thirtyfold, some sixty and some a hundred."

Myra was a person who took the money for a new dress and gave it to someone in need. She was that person who does the thankless jobs to keep a place like Emanuel running—even as she studied at night to earn her seminary degree. She hosted holiday meals to reunite her brothers and sisters into the warm and intact family they had not always been. She encouraged Anthony to become a mentor for a boy so deprived that he had never learned to speak. And Myra became the mother that the boy had never known.

God gave Myra four spiritual gifts, says her husband: "giving, helping, teaching and counseling." And she was cultivating them in the fields of the Lord. Almost 60, with her children grown and her future as a minister in hand, it was as if a new life was opening for Myra Thompson. But just as suddenly as a person walks through a door, it was over. There was no arguing with the police photograph.

IV

Elsewhere during that awful night, the father and the uncle of Dylann Storm Roof, 21, scrutinized another set of pictures—the ones recovered from the church cameras, which were quickly broadcast on television. They immediately recognized the young man in the gray shirt, dark jeans and tan boots. They phoned the police.

By morning, the whole country knew Roof's name and bowl haircut and pasty face. A sharp-eyed driver spotted him behind the wheel of his Hyundai sedan in Shelby, N.C., approximately 250 miles (400 km) from the scene of the murders. Roof was arrested without incident and waived extradition. A .45-caliber handgun was found in the backseat. Shortly before the rampage he apparently posted his manifesto online, and while FBI agents interrogated the accused killer, the airwaves filled with Roof's racist ramblings and photos of him posed with the Confederate flag.

In a Charleston courtroom on June 19, less than 48 hours after the killings, Roof appeared as an image on a flat-screen monitor hanging from the wall to the right of Judge James Gosnell. He wore jailhouse stripes and manacles as he stood in a holding cell with two armed guards behind him.

Ordinarily, a bond hearing is a routine affair. It was obvious that Roof would not go free. But Judge Gosnell has been known to stray from routine. He



The Lord's Prayer hangs on a wall inside Mother Emanuel

Why the Emanuel gunman may not get the death penalty

Few death-penalty cases would appear more clear-cut than the one against Dylann Storm Roof. More than a month after the massacre at Mother Emanuel, the 21-year-old was indicted on 33 federal charges, including hate crimes and obstructing the practice of religion, 18 of which could result in death. He was also charged with nine counts of murder in South Carolina, and the state plans to pursue execution. Yet there's a chance the Emanuel killer may live. Why?

The answer lies partly in the wishes of those who lost the most. Within a month of the tragedy, a majority of the victims' family members asked their lawyer to see if the death penalty could be taken off the table in exchange for a guilty plea and fast-track prosecution. (Only members of Cynthia Hurd's and DePayne Middleton Doctor's families favor the death penalty.)

The aim of these families was shared, but their reasoning differed. Some believed that life in prison is a worse fate and would afford the gunman ample time to reflect on his atrocity. Others just wanted the whole thing to go away, and the prospect of spending years in a protracted appeals process—as is standard in capital cases—was too painful to imagine. And many cited the same thing that allowed them to express forgiveness at the bond hearing: an abiding faith that matters of life and death are best left to God. "If I support the death penalty, I'm as bad as him," says Najee Washington, 23, who lost her grandmother Ethel Lance. "I am voting to kill someone. That's God's decision. He gives life and he takes it away."

The death penalty has never

been popular with the religious right or the liberal left, and this case falls squarely in those fraught politics. While the state is pushing for a speedy trial, set for July 11, the Justice Department has not yet announced its intentions, and anti-death-penalty advocates are pushing President Obama to come out against the death penalty before the end of his presidency.

If the federal government chooses not to seek the death penalty for a killer bent on starting a race war, the decision will send a powerful signal. Charles J. Ogletree Jr., a mentor of Obama's at Harvard Law School and a death-penalty opponent, told the *Washington Post* that Obama is "close" to opposing the death penalty because of the system's dysfunction and racial disparities.

What ultimately happens may come down to which case is heard first. Prosecutors usually reach an agreement in overlapping cases, but no such deal has been announced. Political considerations are also a factor. Governor Nikki Haley favors the death penalty, and Scarlett Wilson, the prosecutor overseeing the state's case, is up for re-election in 2016. "This was the ultimate crime," she said in announcing the decision to seek death. "And justice from our state calls for the ultimate punishment."

Either way, Roof will spend the next year in a Charleston jail cell, adjacent to Michael Slager, the police officer who shot Walter Scott to death. Sources say the two haven't spoken but that Roof, who has not publicly expressed remorse, used to cry himself to sleep every night.

—Jay Newton-Smith

once drove to the jail in the middle of the night to conduct a bond hearing that sprang a fellow judge arrested for driving under the influence. On this day, Gosnell opened with a brief speech.

"We have victims, nine of them," the judge noted. "But we also have victims on the other side. There are victims on this young man's side of the family. No one would have ever thrown them into the whirlwind of events that they have been thrown into."

Nothing much was known one way or the other about Roof's family, and whatever whirlwind was swirling around them, it did not include being shot multiple times and left to bleed to death because of the color of their skin. This wasn't the first time Gosnell had delivered impromptu remarks of dubious validity. Once, he lectured a young offender with a snippet of tired folk wisdom that divided the world into "four types of people"—white, black, redneck and ... he reportedly finished with the *N* word. Gosnell later allowed that his remark was "ill-considered."

Among those listening in the courtroom was Andrew Savage III, a well-known attorney in Charleston who was representing some of the families. What he heard from the bench appalled him. "Understand where we were emotionally that morning," he says. "And we'd just been talking about how that boy hadn't been brought up right and his parents were partially responsible. And then the judge says, Don't be selfish, think of the other victims, his family. And I just saw red. I was like, How dare he? Does he not know what these people have lost?"

Gosnell then invited representatives from the families to make their own statements about the case. No one had prepared for this, but when the judge called the name of Ethel Lance, her daughter Nadine Collier made her way to the front of the room.

Nadine and Ethel were best friends. The youngest of Ethel's five children, Nadine would call her mother every morning at 7:30, just to check in. The two shared gripes about work and laughs about life, and Ethel often encouraged Nadine to go to cosmetology school and pursue her wish to be an aesthetician. Another three or four calls or texts would likely follow over the course of the day.

Gripping aside, Lance, 70, enjoyed her job as Emanuel's sexton. She liked cleaning and was quick with a joke. Once, the ministerial staff caught her on the security camera dancing as she vacuumed an upstairs carpet. She wasn't paid much, but she had a pension after years on the cleaning crew at the nearby Gaillard Center, where she kept the dressing rooms tidy for everyone from James Brown to Jimmy Carter. Ethel's bosses at the performing-arts center had tried to promote her over the years, but she was not interested in managing others. She loved her role backstage. Her daughter Sharon Risher thinks something else was at work too: "She did not have the confidence in herself to be a leader."

Lance was a model of discretion. She spoke only vaguely about the evidence of excess she found in dressing rooms, keeping the details to herself. "She got to meet a lot of celebrities," Risher says. One time, "they had a banquet,



REMEMBERING THE LOST

THE REV. DANIEL SIMMONS

An Army vet, Simmons, 74, counseled disabled veterans before following in his family's footsteps as a minister. In retirement, he remained a helpful fixture at Emanuel.

CYNTHIA HURD

Hurd, 54, worked in Charleston libraries for 31 years and was a board member of the county's housing authority. The last library she managed will be renamed in her memory.

ETHEL LANCE

Emanuel's sexton, Lance, 70, was a mother of five and longtime custodian at the Gaillard Center, where she kept the secrets of rock stars and politicians.



The victims are honored during a vigil at Metropolitan AME Church in Washington on June 19

THE REV. DEPAYNE MIDDLETON DOCTOR

An ordained Baptist minister, Middleton Doctor, 49, had recently joined Emanuel. She was so close to her four daughters that they were known as her shadows.

TYWANZA SANDERS

A 26-year-old with boundless enthusiasm, he had a business card that read, ENTREPRENEUR, MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKER, POET. He planned to make it big in music and donate to Emanuel.

THE REV. MYRA THOMPSON

Thompson, 59, was a teacher and guidance counselor for more than 20 years. The lifelong Emanuelite had recently heard the call to minister and was licensed that night.

THE REV. SHARONDA SINGLETON

Singleton, 45, was a powerful orator and rising star in Emanuel's ministry. The mother of three was also a speech pathologist and a beloved high school track coach.

SUSIE JACKSON

Jackson, 87, was her sprawling family's center. An anchor at Emanuel, Jackson and her five sisters were gifted singers who had toured as a gospel troupe in their youth.

THE REV. CLEMENTA PINCKNEY

Emanuel's pastor since 2010 and a state senator since 2001, Pinckney, 41, cut a large figure in South Carolina. The father of two began preaching as a boy and hoped to become a bishop.

and my mama called me and told me to put my Sunday clothes on and come to the auditorium because Martin Luther King was there.” Everyone feasted on roast beef, mashed potatoes and string beans, she says, and “Mama got to meet him.”

Lance loved perfume, dancing and the great blues singer Etta James. She liked a little gambling now and then, was partial to gospel concerts and never tired of the opera *Porgy and Bess*. As Collier moved to the front of the courtroom, this was the woman she was mourning—a mother who, only a few days earlier, had said at Sunday dinner that she had no regrets in life.

At the podium facing the closed-circuit image of Roof with his eyes downcast, Collier began to talk in a faint voice before the judge urged her to speak up. “I couldn’t remember his name,” she recalls of her one-way encounter with the alleged killer. But she remembers that she was “angry, mad” because her mother had “more living to do.” And the killer “took something away from me that was so precious.”

At the same time, racing through her head were lessons she had learned long before: “You have to forgive people and move on,” she says. “When you keep that hatred, it hurts only you.”

Somehow—perhaps the idea was planted by the judge’s remarks—Collier was able to recognize the wreckage this man had made not just for her and the other survivors but in his own life. “I kept thinking he’s a young man, he’s never going to experience college, be a husband, be a daddy. You have ruined your life,” she recalls thinking.

What she said at the podium, while choking back sobs, came out like this: “I forgive you. You took something very precious away from me. I will never get to talk to her ever again—but I forgive you, and have mercy on your soul ... You hurt me. You hurt a lot of people. If God forgives you, I forgive you.”

Since that day, Collier has had many hours to reflect on those spontaneous words, and she says she has no reason to regret or revise them. They expressed a sense of loss and absence that remains unfilled months later, as well as her desire to move beyond the horror—a desire she still feels keenly. And she believes that her mother might have said something similar if she had lived.

V “I forgive you.” Those three words reverberated through the courtroom and across the cable wires, down the fiber-optic lines, carried by invisible storms of ones and zeros that fill the air from cell tower to cell tower and magically cohere in the palms of our hands. They took the world by surprise.

They took Collier’s own family by surprise. “When she said that, I was just shocked,” says Risher. “I was like, Who in the hell is she

talking for? Because she’s not talking for me.”

The question of forgiveness is as old as human sin. In the Western religious traditions that loom large over Charleston—which calls itself the Holy City in honor of its many congregations—it goes all the way back to Adam and Eve. Forgiveness is a riddle to theologians, psychologists, sociologists and philosophers. Often, two people can be talking about forgiveness without realizing that they have very different concepts in mind. For some, forgiveness speaks to the condition of the offender: whatever was done wrong will be forgotten and all penalties erased. A debt can be forgiven; a crime can be pardoned. The slate is wiped clean and the sinner writes a new future.

For others, forgiveness describes the state of mind of the forgiver: you have harmed me, but I refuse to respond in kind. Forgiveness is a kind of purifier that absorbs injury and returns love. It’s not really about the offender at all. There might be a hope attached that forgiveness will inspire a radical change for the better, but the offender is still culpable, still faces legal jeopardy and, ultimately, still faces Judgment Day.

Despite Risher’s strong reaction, she and her sister were on roughly the same page in speaking of forgiveness. As children they surely heard the parable preached from Emanuel’s pulpit of a servant who begs his master to forgive a large debt. After his plea is granted, the servant refuses to do the same for someone else. “Shouldn’t you have had mercy on your fellow servant just as I had on you?” the angry master demands. And they surely heard Jesus’ teaching that a person struck on one cheek should offer the other to be struck as well. Forgiveness is to be poured out not once, nor seven times, but “seventy times seven.”

What came between the sisters may have been the question of who has the power to forgive. In Judaism, only the person who has been hurt has that power. Thus, many rabbis hold that the crime of murder is literally unforgivable because the victim is gone. “No one can forgive crimes committed against other people,” Rabbi Abraham Heschel, the philosopher and civil rights activist, once wrote. “Even God himself can only forgive sins committed against himself, not against man.”

That principle helps illuminate Collier’s improvised statement at the bond hearing. She appears to be forgiving the pain and loss that she endured when her mother was murdered, not necessarily the murder itself. But the extraordinary reaction to her words suggests that many people heard something more sweeping than a personal statement about private grief.

Risher was not the only person who felt that her sister’s words were premature. After Collier spoke, says Risher, others felt pressure to echo her words.



Najee Washington, left, and Nadine Collier
*Ethel Lance's granddaughter and daughter at Collier's Charleston home.
Collier was the first family member to offer forgiveness at the bond hearing.*

Forgiveness, as he later explains, is like a Band-Aid that holds the edges of an open wound together long enough for the wound to heal

"I'm a reverend. I'm in the church," Risher notes, a bit defensively. "And I understand that forgiveness is a process. Some people with their beliefs can automatically forgive, but I'm not there yet. And I know that God is not going to look at me any different because I have not forgiven Dylann Roof yet."

The tense feelings were exacerbated in the days and weeks that followed, as Collier's face appeared on nearly every news program and donations poured in to Emanuel from around the world and talk started of books and movies and maybe even a Nobel Peace Prize. The publicity drove a wedge between the children of Ethel Lance. "My sister Esther and I have been pushed aside, and everybody has gathered around Nadine," Risher says.

Instead of siblings being a comfort to each other, they've stopped speaking. Tragedy does not always bring people closer; some earthquakes leave nothing but rubble. "From my understanding, my family is not the only family in turmoil," Risher says.

And she imagines her mother's spirit must be unsettled by the fallout from Collier's words in the courtroom. "I know that my mom has not been resting because of all this conflict going on. People on the outside don't know what all of this has caused," she says. "The flag went down, yes. This little boy is in jail, yes." Risher is in tears as she continues. "But all of this has just caused too much."

It is too soon to talk about healing when the wounds are still being torn open every day. The murder of her mother started a cycle of suffering that is renewed each time she turns on the news. "Every night somebody else gets killed in this country, and I have to relive that pain," Risher concludes, "because I know what these people are going through."

VI After Nadine Collier returned to her seat, Judge Gosnell called Myra Thompson's name. Anthony had not intended to say anything at the hearing, but in that moment, he now says, the spirit of God moved him to stand up and deliver a message.

Anthony Thompson essentially agreed with Collier's statement, as far as it went. It was important for him to forgive as quickly as possible so that he could continue to live as God intended. Forgiveness, as he later explains, is like a Band-Aid that

holds the edges of an open wound together long enough for the wound to heal. Though he cannot heal what happened to his wife, nor whatever is wrong with the man who killed her, he must attend to the wound inside himself. "I don't know what happened in his life, and frankly I don't want to know," he says.

His reason for stepping to the podium was something that Collier had left out of her statement. Thompson did not want to leave the impression that forgiveness is as simple as speaking three words. For Roof to be forgiven by God, the young man had an awful lot of work to do.

Thompson put it this way, speaking quietly: "I would just like him to know that—to say the same thing that was just said—I forgive him, and my family forgives him. But we would like him to take this opportunity to repent. Repent," he repeated. "Confess. Give your life to the one who matters most, Christ, so that he can change him. And change your ways, so no matter what happens to you, you'll be O.K."

What sounded simple was actually complex. In this theological context, a confession is not just a matter of saying how a crime occurred and who-dunit. Thompson was calling on the killer to turn himself inside out, to inventory everything wrong about his thoughts and actions—the murders, of course, but also the willful ignorance and cultivated hatred that apparently fueled him, and the vanity that would make him think he was an instrument of history, and the hard-heartedness that made it possible for him to sit with his victims and know their humanity before he ever drew his gun. A true confession of his offenses would entail a wrenching calculation of the measureless grief and suffering his crimes caused in the lives of those who survived. It would comprehend the theft he committed of nine lives, and all the promise and love that lay in store for his victims. All stolen. And it would face up, as well, to the wastage of his own life and possibilities.

As T.S. Eliot once put it: "After such knowledge, what forgiveness?"

Before dying in a Nazi concentration camp, the German priest Dietrich Bonhoeffer identified a tendency among Christians to toss around the idea of forgiveness as if it were free and easy. "Cheap grace," he called it, meaning "the justification of sin without the justification of the sinner. Grace alone does everything, they say, and so everything can remain as it was before."

That is not what Nadine Collier and Anthony Thompson had in mind. But their statements of forgiveness in the face of such evil beg the question: Are there crimes too grievous to confess and repent? In the Buddhist tradition, even the worst offenses can be atoned for through suffering, experience and good works across multiple reincarnations. Other

belief systems take a narrower view. While touring hell in *The Divine Comedy*, Dante is surprised to meet two souls suffering eternal damnation even as their bodies are still walking around on earth. Their murderous treachery, he learns, was so foul that they were cut off from God's salvation even before their deaths.

The great Jewish thinker Maimonides took a less colorful path to the same conclusion. He taught that atonement consists of acknowledging a crime, repaying the victim and reliving the circumstances under which the crime was committed without repeating the offense. The test of repentance, he maintained, comes when the offender finds himself back on his original path but this time chooses the fork in the road that leads toward goodness.

The Emanuel Church gunman can never accomplish this. It is impossible to restore the lives that he took. Nor will he ever return to that night in June, reenter the Wednesday Bible study and go from the room in peace. A bank robber can repent by repaying the money and never stealing again. But murder is a shattered glass that cannot be put back together.

VII

Rose Simmons is the daughter of the Rev. Daniel Simmons, a man of stern military bearing who nevertheless could fill a room with his deep, resonant laughter. He died in a setting true to himself. The study of Scripture was the hub of his life. Rose remembers her father as an avid reader, but there was only one book that truly mattered.

"My father's hobby was studying," she says. "He didn't read many books, an author or two, but he liked to study the Bible, taking notes and writing sermons." Leading up to the night he died, he had been coaching Myra Thompson on the meaning of her parable. It was his exacting standard that she was trying to meet as she polished her lesson plan in her immaculate sitting room. On that Wednesday night, he was seated across the table from Myra as she led the Bible study, and was keeping the discussion on track.

Daniel Simmons was descended from a long line of AME pastors and raised in the little town of Mullins, S.C., not far from the North Carolina border. But it took him a while to find his way into the ministry. As a young man he served in the Army. During a winter training exercise in Germany, the weather turned so bitter that Simmons lost toes to frostbite. He was partially disabled and susceptible to infections for the rest of his life.

Honorably discharged, he became a bus driver—one of the first African Americans on the interstate lines, his son Daniel Simmons Jr. says proudly. Some of his earliest memories feature long rides in his father's motor coach, the fields and hamlets of the segregated South passing like a silent movie on the screen of the windows. "It was hard; the country



Mother Emanuel has occupied its current home in downtown Charleston since 1891

A grieving congregation struggles with the spotlight

On a hot Sunday in early August, the pews at Mother Emanuel were so crowded that some longtime parishioners couldn't get to their regular seats. Visitors from near and far have been streaming into the historic sanctuary since the shooting, and many of them come with donations in hand. At this service, the big gift was \$50,000 for Emanuel's music ministry from the band Hootie & the Blowfish.

This outpouring would seem welcome news for a congregation in need of solace. But for many Emanuelites—especially those most directly touched by the massacre—the influx of attention and money and a change in leadership are creating their own complications.

The sites of tragedies have a way of becoming destinations for pilgrims, and Emanuel is no different. "Mother Emanuel has become important to the world," says the Rev. Mark Tyler, pastor of Bethel AME in Philadelphia, Emanuel's sister church. When tour groups and out-of-towners arrive, they are often met by the Rev. Norvel Goff, who is filling in for the slain Rev. Clementa Pinckney. An elder who oversees 30 churches, Goff has made a point of welcoming outsiders as part of what he calls the church's "healing process." He says his mission is to not let the world forget what happened. To that end Emanuel is dotted with signs printed 6/17/15. The focus has been embraced by some families, but others bristle

that Goff has been more attuned to the spotlight than to the needs of his grieving parishioners.

Then there is the matter of money. Millions of dollars have flooded into Emanuel since the shooting (the church has not said how much, but Goff put the figure at over \$2 million in late July). While some of it has come from large corporate donations, plenty of cash-stuffed envelopes have arrived too. And some families are concerned about where all of it is going. In October, Cynthia Hurd's husband Arthur sued Emanuel for not being transparent about the donations. (The church agreed to provide Hurd's attorney with accounting documents.) Goff has denied any wrongdoing and accused critics of perpetuating "lies and innuendos." The suit is the second allegation of financial impropriety at a church run by Goff in as many months. In November, members of his former church in Columbia, S.C., sued for access to financial records after the church was saddled in debt while Goff was pastor (he reportedly called the suit's claims "disheartening and inaccurate").

Soon the donations will slow, the spotlight will dim and Emanuel will be left to figure out how to move forward on its own. It wasn't so long ago that Pinckney consolidated the church's two Sunday services because of low attendance. The challenge for this grieving congregation is turning a moment into a lasting foundation.

—Maya Rhodan

was in transition. So to have a black driver and a black youth in the front seat, I saw a lot,” says the son. But his father had a philosophy: “Kindness always wins.”

After earning a master’s degree, Simmons traded the bus for a federal job counseling disabled veterans. He welcomed the security and the chance to be of service. But in the mid-1970s, his son says, he heard God’s call to enter the ministry. It was, Simmons later said, like picking up the torch from his father and grandfather. And it caused a noticeable change in Simmons’ demeanor as he learned the delicate balancing act of leading a flock by following God. “It’s life-changing what God does when he comes into your heart,” says Rose. “He felt a responsibility to be the person he felt God wanted him to be.” Dan Jr. puts it this way: “You can’t receive grace with a closed fist. My father had an open hand and an honest heart.” People began calling him Super Simmons because he gave everything to his work and expected others to give their best as well.

As his new career took shape, Simmons set his sights on becoming a bishop—a prestigious post in the national AME hierarchy. Every four years, he put himself up for election. As a man who graduated early from high school, worked his way through college, earned two advanced degrees and raised a family, he was accustomed to reaching his goals. But this one eluded him. By the end of his life he was retired from his own pulpit and pitching in at Emanuel to help its overstretched pastor.

“We know what type of man he was,” says Rose, who is convinced that her father would forgive the young man who shot him repeatedly. “We know that in his life being taken, even in a violent act, that he is with the Lord, and his peace gives us peace.” Her struggle—which she shares with her brother—is not over forgiveness; she struggles with helplessness. She is haunted by the image of her father dying in pain. What could she have done to help him? “It’s just something that we have to live with, that we could not be there.”

She rejects the idea that her father’s killer might be beyond redemption. She is opposed to seeking the death penalty for Roof and won’t even speak harshly when his name comes up. In fact, she can imagine a meaningful future for him.

“I believe there’s a day that will come, if he has to spend the rest of his life in prison, where he will have an opportunity for repentance,” she says. “So that he can change other people’s lives. And what a great ending to this story that would be—for him to know beyond a shadow of a doubt the impact of what he did, and to know and see God himself.” In the melting of a killer’s stony heart, Rose thinks, spiritual seeds could take root after all, just as the Good Book says. And, she concludes, “it is what our entire family believes.”

VIII

The past is Charleston’s constant companion. It is a place where if you park your car after sundown, your headlights may fall on worn

tombstones paved over to create the parking lot. Yesterday’s ruins are tomorrow’s foundations. The old jail, with its barred windows and brute stone walls, becomes a school of design; a crenellated fortress is converted to a hotel; slave quarters are repurposed as part of an upscale restaurant. Parts of the city resemble a theme park: MagnoliaWorld. At other moments, a visitor might feel like an extra on the set of a Merchant-Ivory movie. Mostly Charleston gives the sense—more European than American—of telescoping time, of Then and Now smashed to bits and the pieces reassembled as a mosaic. Along its narrow streets, or in its private gardens or in the stalls of the market, the city swarms with the shades of aristocrats and slaves, patriots and traitors, visionaries and liars.

So you can’t talk long about forgiveness in Charleston before the past shoulders its way into the conversation—and there is much in the city’s past that needs forgiveness. The fine 18th century homes and churches were built with profits from the labor of slaves. Captured in Africa or bred in captivity, they did the work that transformed marsh and forest into the rice, indigo and cotton that powered the Southern economy. Their descendants share the community, the names and sometimes the genes of their owners, and some four centuries now after the city’s founding, every Charleston story has a backstory, and every backstory is freighted with footnotes.

For example:

Mother Emanuel is not just any predominantly black church. It is the oldest AME church in the South. And what is the African Methodist Episcopal movement but one of the earliest expressions of African-American dignity and vision?

By the time of the founding of the United States, some whites—even in Charleston—had begun to recognize the humanity of their captives. It was acceptable to envision an end to slavery, though the details were conveniently left vague. The founders set a date, well into the future, for the end of the Atlantic slave trade and ensured that slavery would not spread into the territory of the Northwest Ordinance. A relatively small number of trusted slaves among the multitude in bondage—the butlers and nannies and artisans—were allowed to attend church with their masters. Some were taught to read. Some were allowed to keep part of their day for themselves, when they could earn money to buy their freedom eventually. Freed slaves could imagine themselves raising free children.

This doesn’t describe many slaves’ lives, let alone the majority. But it does describe the spirit in which Richard Allen, a former slave, established the Free



Alana Simmons with her father Dan Simmons Jr.
After the Rev. Daniel Simmons Sr. was killed, Alana, shown here outside her grandfather's Charleston home, and her family started the movement #HateWontWin.



Jennifer Pinckney with (from left) Representative Joe Neal, the Rev. Chris Vaughn, the Rev. Kylon Middleton and Senator Gerald Malloy
The Rev. Clementa Pinckney's four best friends, photographed with his widow at the South Carolina State House, have guarded the family in his absence

African Society in Philadelphia in 1787 (the same year the Constitutional Convention was at work in that city). And that same spirit of freedom, several years later, moved Allen and a few others to form the first AME church when they could no longer abide the discrimination and humiliation they met in white churches.

That such a powerful expression of African-American humanity and equality could spread to Charleston in the early 19th century says something important: even in the heart of the South, free blacks and educated slaves were gathering to discuss abolition, read congressional debates concerning the Missouri Compromise and worship God without the intercession of a white master. Attempts by Charleston authorities to stifle the movement seemed instead to add more fuel. It was this milieu that inspired one of the early leaders of Emanuel Church—a freed carpenter named Denmark Vesey—to take the next step. In the tradition of revolutionaries from Yorktown to Paris to the plantations of Santo Domingo, Vesey, most historians believe, began plotting a slave rebellion.

Hatched in strict secrecy—the church shielded some of the plans—Vesey's plot called

for pike-wielding slaves to overwhelm the local armory, then turn their blades and captured guns on anyone bold enough to stand in their way. After seizing control of the city and announcing their freedom, they would set sail in commandeered ships for the free state of Haiti, where slaves had overthrown the white authorities in a bloody revolution a generation earlier.

This never happened. Betrayed by a talkative slave who had been told of the plans, Vesey and more than 30 others were arrested and executed in early summer of 1822.

What happened next would have grave implications for the future of American slavery, and for Charleston; indeed, for all of U.S. history. Emanuel Church was burned to the ground and new black churches strictly forbidden. Near the site where Emanuel stood, authorities built a fortress designed to make future rebellions inconceivable. That bulwark later grew into the military school known as the Citadel.

The Vesey plot, and others like Nat Turner's aborted uprising in Virginia in 1831, persuaded many white Americans that free blacks were dangerous. Charleston's most trusted slaves could secretly be planning to murder their masters. Especially in the coastal low country, where slaves greatly outnumbered the white population, the specter of rebellion hung over the South "like a bloodstained ghost," in the words of historian David Brion Davis.

This fear spelled the end of African-American schools. Teaching a slave to read became a crime. Other laws sharply limited the ability of owners to free their slaves, or of slaves to buy their freedom. The idea that free African Americans posed a mortal threat to white society powerfully shaped the mindset that led Charlestonians to fire on Fort Sumter in 1861, bringing on the most devastating war in American history.

Though Emanuel reopened after the Civil War, the name Denmark Vesey was scarcely spoken in Charleston for more than 150 years. Under Jim Crow, church members continued to be segregated, intimidated and oppressed. Across a greensward from the church loomed the Citadel, built to keep the black citizenry in line. And between the church and the fortress, Charleston raised a monument to John C. Calhoun, the nation's seventh Vice President and one of slavery's most vigorous proponents. His statue stood atop a towering column—to prevent black residents from egging it, according to one version of history.

This real and symbolic oppression, maintained for generations, suggests that whites in Charleston and elsewhere continued to fear black freedom and did not expect forgiveness. While the former slaves and their descendants might preach atonement and sing about grace, in the sanctuary of their

hearts, was there not something that cries out for vengeance? What sort of people could forgive centuries of bondage and disrespect?

Many of those themes were on the mind of the killer as he posted his manifesto on June 17 and set out from the South Carolina midlands past pine forests and rising exurbs toward the coast. In his on-line justification of hate, Roof had written: “I chose Charleston because it is [the] most historic city in my state.” Even he was aware that the past isn’t over in Charleston.

IX

Clementa Pinckney—a black man with the surname of a white slave owner who helped to found the United States—traveled that same road from the midlands that day. His morning began at home in Lexington, outside of Columbia, with his wife and two young daughters. At 41, he was already a senior member of the South Carolina state senate, and his first order of business that day was a meeting of the finance committee. Pinckney represented a sprawling, mostly rural district in the low country, where his boyhood home of Ridgeland provided a second center of gravity. A third was in Charleston, where Pinckney reluctantly accepted the post of pastor at Mother Emanuel in 2010.

“Were we ever in the same place? I don’t think we ever were,” says Pinckney’s widow Jennifer. This is the first time she has felt up to talking about her loss in a public way. After the trauma of that day—she heard the sounds of massacre from the next room, where she cradled a daughter and waited with dread—the layers of loss have piled up like endlessly falling snow. There was the day, not three weeks afterward, when their two girls, Eliana, 11, and Malana, 6, begged her to take them to the Fourth of July fireworks. It was the first time without him. There was the memory of their plans to return to Hawaii, where they had a magical honeymoon. There were all the moments yet to happen in the incredibly busy life they made together: the birthday parties and dance recitals, the date nights sweetened by their near impossibility, the family vacations they jealously guarded.

“Marriage to a pastor is like a military marriage—he was always here and there and so forth,” she says. “And then he was in the legislature, and things became more demanding for him. We never were like a ‘normal family’ who every day you come home and Mom’s home and Dad’s home and the kids are here. You learn to get used to it.”

It was the price of life with one of South Carolina’s rising stars. Born into a line of politically active AME ministers and named in honor of the humanitarian baseball hero Roberto Clemente, Pinckney was a serious student from the start; his mother’s twice-a-week trips to the library could hardly keep him supplied with books. At 13, he informed a

Was there not something that cries out for vengeance? What sort of people could forgive centuries of bondage and disrespect?

panel of adults that his plan for life was to become “a humble bishop of the AME church.” They were amused—but impressed enough to award him a license to preach. He relied on his aunt Emma to drive him from church to church, filling in for vacationing pastors, until he was old enough to drive himself.

Pinckney wore suits and ties through high school, even on casual Fridays and in sweltering heat. “His mind-set was already that he was going to be professional and profound,” says Roslyn Fulton-Warren, a classmate. He was elected student-body president—twice—and took a hard line in government class against drugs and guns. “He was comfortable with himself being different,” another classmate, Derek Morgan, recalls. “He was sure of who he was.”

He never lost that certainty. Fully ordained at 18, Pinckney pastored his own small church while studying at Allen University in Columbia. At the same time, he launched his political career by working as a statehouse page. A close friend at Allen, Chris Vaughn, says they bonded over a shared pride in the progress they had already made in their young lives. “We’d joke that we were country bumpkins—we were both from places where people gave directions like ‘turn left at the stump,’” Vaughn recalls. “We came from single-parent homes, small towns. We reckoned we defied the odds.”

On a visit to the University of South Carolina, Pinckney met Jennifer, who was not immediately swept away. Their first date was a trip to Pizza Hut, and she made it clear she intended to pay for her own meal. But she found they could talk easily about goals and dreams, and in time he was surprising her with a ring.

Six feet tall and gradually adding the bulk of a man who loved to eat and read more than exercise, Pinckney became the youngest member of the state legislature at 23. He was an AME elder long before he turned 40, responsible for supervising of 17 churches. Along the way he earned two master’s degrees and embarked on a Ph.D. program.

So numerous were Pinckney’s achievements and so extensive his responsibilities that his bishop began to worry that his young church elder might be overtaxed. Pinckney tried to prioritize. “With so many issues, multiple issues going on, was it better to put your time into expanding Medicaid or getting better access to health care for the elderly? Reforming justice?” says South Carolina Representative Joe Neal, recalling the conversations they often had about

Searching for signs of a change in Charleston

By JOHN HUEY

I was out of town when news of the massacre back home at Mother Emanuel reached me. Mass shootings happen so often that I can barely absorb them—What campus? Where? No, that was Monday's shooting—so mostly I let them pass me by, like shaking off a nightmare. Mother Emanuel was different. My wife and I had planned to spend a few days wandering the North Carolina coast, but with few words and no agenda we packed up the car and headed home to Charleston. As we drove, we listened to the news unfolding on public radio; the details only deepened our shock. This was a distillation of hate and evil, unspeakably sad.

Since any discussion of the massacre is essentially about race in America and, more particularly, race in the South, I should present my credentials up front. I speak from what is known today as white privilege. I am also a native Southerner, descended from slave owners who fought and lost (thank God) the Civil War. I grew up in Atlanta and spent many years working in New York, but for the past 16 years my family and I have called the Charleston area home. While we didn't know any of the victims, we knew the church, having attended a gospel service at Mother Emanuel, where the Rev. Clementa Pinckney, the church's slain pastor, had given us a stirring history of the church and its connection to both slavery and the civil rights movement.

At the time of the massacre, I had just

finished interviewing Charleston Mayor Joe Riley for a profile I was writing connected to his retirement after 40 years on the job. A white Democrat in an overwhelmingly Republican state, Riley had earned the nickname Little Black Joe early in his tenure for often voting with the city council's black members, for appointing a black police chief in 1982 and for pushing Charleston to become one of the earliest cities in the country to declare a holiday honoring Martin Luther King Jr. (South Carolina was the last state to do so.)

To many people from "off" (which is how native Charlestonians refer to anyone not born and bred in the low country), Charleston has become a favorite vacation spot, where historic architecture blends with trendy restaurants, fun bars and low-rise, low-density beaches on the Atlantic. But Charleston is also a very old American city whose fortunes from its founding in 1670 were built on slavery. At the time of the Revolution, it was one of the richest cities in the colonies, having grown wealthy from exporting rice, sea island cotton and indigo to England. In 1861, South Carolina hotheads began the Civil War by opening fire on federal troops at Fort Sumter. And except for one influential dissent by a federal judge here that was quoted in the *Brown v. Board of Education* ruling that outlawed school segregation, the city's stance throughout the civil rights struggle of the 1960s was virulently racist.

Most Charlestonians reacted to the massacre with horror. For it to unfold in a church, against a Bible-study group, struck at the very heart of how Charleston sees itself. Moreover, Clementa Pinckney—also a respected state legislator—was a pillar of the community, gunned down by a hateful little dropout from about 100 miles away in the midlands.

Then came the stunning transformational moment, a totally unexpected act of grace: families of the Emanuel victims stood before a public bond hearing to offer their forgiveness and ask the Lord's mercy for the killer. Everyone else was calling for the death penalty, and here were these families, who were suffering deeply, offering forgiveness.

This was a callout for all people of faith. Congregants from white downtown churches built by slaveholding planters marched up to Mother Emanuel singing and holding vigil; churches across town and the South tolled their bells in unison at 10 the following Sunday morning; money poured into a fund for the church and its victims; a giant unity march came together on the biggest bridge in town. The Charleston police department, which has worked for decades to build ties in the African-American community, cashed in its goodwill and kept the peace. Governor Nikki Haley demanded that the Confederate battle flag—the overtly chosen symbol of the perpetrator—be removed from the grounds of the state capitol in Columbia. Long overdue,

effective use of time and influence.

The head job at Emanuel called for a high-profile pastor, someone formidable enough to represent its history, yet young and dynamic enough to rekindle its energy. Perhaps Pinckney should focus on one church rather than 17, the bishop decided.

From a distance, Emanuel's pulpit might seem like a floodlit mountaintop. But this was no ceremonial position, nor was it a post known for advancing political careers. In fact, Emanuel was a delicate rescue operation; it was known for driving pastors away. Attendance at Sunday worship services was down to about 100 when Pinckney arrived, yet the members insisted on two services because that was the way things had always been. Pinckney's challenge, familiar to urban church leaders across the country—black and white, south and north—was to make his church relevant and appealing to a new generation without alienating the dwindling but devoted ranks of old-timers.

In a roundabout way, this challenge explains why Pinckney went to Charleston that day. Along with his outreach to local college students, he was trying to bring energetic new members onto the church staff. Two such women, both licensed to preach by a Baptist church, were interested in moving their ministries to Emanuel. "It was very unusual," says Pinckney's fellow pastor Kylon Middleton of the switch. "And it was because of Clem."

Pinckney hoped to speed the process of transferring their credentials, and that required him to attend a scheduled business meeting at the church. He was at his most persuasive in person, friends say. "Clem had a way of telling people to go to hell and people would ask directions," says the Rev. Joe Darby, a prominent AME elder in the state.

He asked Jennifer to make the drive with him. Grab a moment together. Eliana was busy that evening, but Malana could come along. And that is how they found themselves together for the last time.



People join hands as they march on Ravenel Bridge days after the tragedy

but as symbols go, no small thing.

As Riley notes, "That community believed we were horrified by this act and that we were going to do everything we could to apprehend and prosecute the perpetrator." But he still cites as most important the families' unbelievable grace. "That came from the faith of that church," he says. "At Mother Emanuel they say the Lord's Prayer and they mean it."

If this were a morality play, the final scene would belong to the President of the United States. Barack Obama's eulogy for Pinckney drew heavily on Scripture—especially the concept of grace, which he famously sang about—and was more forceful on the shameful state of race relations in our country than any speech he had previously delivered as President.

"For too long," he said, "We've been blind to the way past injustices continue to shape the present ... Perhaps this tragedy causes us to ask some tough questions about how

we can permit so many of our children to languish in poverty ... or attend dilapidated schools or grow up without prospects for a job or a career. Perhaps it causes us to examine what we're doing to cause some of our children to hate."

Obama spoke of not letting ourselves go back to business as usual, of not settling for symbolic gestures over more lasting change.

So now that the TV cameras have gone, do any signs of hope for meaningful change remain? I would say yes. And no. The persistent poverty of many African Americans in the low country obviously remains, along with disparities in education, health and housing resources. Yet most of the rhetoric in the recent mayoral race to succeed Riley focused on the issue of traffic, and the leading contenders were all white.

This attention gap is hardly unique. In looking for the yes answer, I have seen small but meaningful signs. The preacher at my own

church—where men still on occasion wear kilts honoring their Scottish heritage—has charged the congregation to no longer look the other way when they witness casually racist behavior. My wife's book club (all affluent white women) reordered their reading list: Frederick Douglass, W.E.B. Du Bois, Ralph Ellison and a book of King's sermons. A longtime Republican friend of mine from one of Charleston's oldest families threw his support—both publicly and financially—to one of the African-American candidates for mayor. He didn't expect him to win, but he plans to get behind trying to make it happen next time. As I said early on, these are all just specks of light from the perch of white privilege, perhaps laughably weak to some. But I don't see them as empty liberal gestures; most of these people aren't even liberals. I think they reflect genuine intellectual interest, driven by emotional empathy, to better understand neighbors they have long taken for granted, underestimated or ignored.

Yet malice still lurks. Just the other day I noticed that someone had moored a decaying sailboat in the marsh at a narrow entrance to Charleston Harbor. Flying at half-mast was a tattered Confederate flag. My heart sank. But then I decided to take comfort knowing that this pathetic gesture was just one more sign that their side was losing. Again.

Huey, a Charleston-area resident, is a former editor-in-chief of Time Inc.

Pinckney was known to miss some routine meetings, relying on Simmons and other stalwarts to fill in at the head of the table. That tendency rankled some congregants, and the tension flared that evening when an Emanuel trustee accused Pinckney of putting his political career ahead of the church. But tempers cooled, and by the time business concluded around 8 p.m., Pinckney could feel that the trip was worth the effort. The two Baptist ministers—DePayne Middleton Doctor and Brenda Nelson—had the endorsements needed to seek the bishop's stamp of approval. For good measure, Pinckney put through another ordination: Myra Thompson's. This surely came as a surprise, says Thompson's husband. If she had known this was coming, she would have mentioned it to him, and he would have alerted their daughter Denise, who would have rushed over from Atlanta.

The Bible study was the first official act of the new minister Thompson. Though the business meeting ran late, the class now seemed too momen-

tous to cancel. And Pinckney felt it was only right for him to attend.

Jennifer Pinckney shoulders that weight. "We didn't get to go on our family vacation this year," she says. The plan was to visit New Orleans, and Eliana's father assigned her to prepare a paper on the Crescent City. At a family dinner, he had quizzed his daughter and was delighted by the range of her research. "About two weeks after everything had taken place," says the widow, Eliana had a realization: "I guess we're not going to New Orleans."

X

If Mother Emanuel was drenched in Charleston's past, Clem Pinckney was emblematic of its future. For himself, he sought only opportunity, because he needed nothing more. He had abundant gifts of talent, drive and compassion.

What Pinckney sought on behalf of those with less was equally forward-looking. He wanted jobs—



Malcolm Graham
Cynthia Hurd's brother, seen at a park in Charleston, says forgiveness remains "miles away"

he was able to bring a shopping center to Ridgeland and fought unsuccessfully for a port in Jasper. He wanted affordable health care. He wanted better educational opportunities—Pinckney won a bruising battle for more equity in school funding. On his last day, he grumbled to a fellow Democrat about their party's attempt to kill a bill that would help foster children attend private schools. He understood the need to protect public schools, but still. "Why don't we want to help foster kids?" Pinckney asked.

Even when a white police officer in North Charleston was caught on video shooting a black man named Walter Scott in the back, Pinckney's reaction was to look ahead. Normally soft-spoken in the senate, he delivered an unusually impassioned speech to help pass a bill requiring body cameras on South Carolina police.

He was, in other words, moving in step with a city that is gradually outgrowing its fears, suggests Bernard Powers, a professor of history at the College of Charleston. Powers, an African-American Chicago native who moved to Charleston in 1992, has watched a slowly unfolding story in which forgiveness and remembering go hand in hand, because a crime must be remembered to be repented.

"Forgiveness is a very complicated phenomenon," he says. "It's easy to say, 'Let's get over the past.' But you can't say that when the past is a part of who you are." Forgive and forget is a formula powerfully skewed in favor of the offender. What person or people wouldn't like to forget past sins? Black

Charlestonians—black Americans, for that matter—could not forget, so for them, "the language of forgiveness can actually reflect a resignation to certain brutal realities. People have understood that to adopt any other strategy is a fool's errand."

Around the time Powers began visiting Charleston for research in the mid-1970s, fear and the oppression that it breeds were still predominant. "There was a real concern among whites about what blacks would do under the influence of the Nation of Islam or the Black Panthers," he says. But as the real history of race relations has bit by bit come out of the shadows, what whites perceived—if they looked clearly—was an ocean of forbearance, a tide of forgiveness. "The buildings, the monuments, the emblems of white supremacy are all over this city, and you'd be burdened if you took it seriously all the time," Powers explains.

He tells a story: when he was new to South Carolina and registering to vote, the nearest registrar happened to be located inside the original Citadel building. As a historian, he knew its founding purpose as a bastion against slave rebellions. On his way to complete his errand, he passed the statue of Calhoun. And he laughed. Looking up, Powers called out to Calhoun, "I know you never thought you'd see this!"

In those days, he recalls, tourists could visit Charleston, see the historic houses and forts, ride the horse-drawn carriages and never hear the word *slave*. Today, every licensed tour guide is required

to know more than just the city's idealized history. Charleston's representative in Congress is James Clyburn, the first African American elected from South Carolina since 1897. After years of effort, Clyburn passed a law to create the Gullah Geechee Cultural Heritage Corridor in the coastal Carolinas to preserve the endangered culture of freed slaves and their descendants.

Joe Riley, Charleston's longtime mayor, will leave office soon after 40 years with his dream of an International African-American Museum on the brink of completion. The project is scheduled to open in 2018, on the site of a former wharf that was one of the main ports of the transatlantic slave trade. And the Citadel now offers its cadets a minor in African-American studies.

For some, the best sign of remembering can be found in a landscaped nook surrounded by live oaks draped with Spanish moss at a city park named in honor of Confederate General Wade Hampton, one of the largest slave owners in the South. Once a plantation, the parkland was used as a prisoner-of-war camp for captured Union soldiers. Disease and neglect killed hundreds of the captives, and their bodies were buried in a mass grave.

Shortly after the surrender of Robert E. Lee at Appomattox, those white Charlestonians who had not fled watched in fear as columns of black Union soldiers marched into the city with guns. It was the moment they had feared for generations. But the troops proceeded peacefully into the prison camp, where they opened the mass grave and went to work reburying their comrades in marked plots.

This has been called the first Memorial Day. Last year, after much controversy, a handsome bronze statue was unveiled in Hampton Park. It honors Denmark Vesey. "Over time," says Bernard Powers, "you can generate real change."

XI

But when do you say, "Time's up"?

From the day of the bond hearing, Malcolm Graham has been unsettled by talk of forgiveness in Charleston. His sister Cynthia Hurd was murdered at the Bible study three days shy of her 55th birthday. It was like ripping the heart from the family, because Cynthia was the one who took over when their parents died, who mothered her siblings whether they were younger or older, who always knew what the others were up to and always had a word of advice. When their brother Melvin was just off to college and homesickness was getting him down, it was Cynthia who took the phone and silenced his complaining. "You can do this," she urged in a way that made him believe her. "No use turning back now."

Hurd was a tornado of self-reliance and an apostle of self-improvement. She read the *World Book*

Encyclopedia as a child. Not parts—all of it, says Graham. "That was her escape—we weren't poor growing up, but we didn't have a lot of money. I think that was her way of going to faraway places and learning about different things." As a grown woman, she favored do-it-yourself: if she wasn't in her garden or tackling a project, she was probably gleaning ideas from HGTV. Her true passion, though, was the Charleston public library, where she served as a librarian and branch manager for more than 30 years.

A younger colleague named Kim Odom credits Hurd with inspiring her career, and explains her mentor's philosophy. "When I first started working for Cynthia—the first day—she showed me to my desk," says Odom. "She introduced me to everyone. And she said, 'Let's go.' I said, 'Go where?'" Hurd explained that they were going to walk the neighborhood. "You can't know what we do until you know who we serve," Hurd told her.

That sense of a library's possibilities and its role in the community made Hurd an important part of the city's life. She was appointed to the board of the Charleston County housing authority, where she tried to ensure that African Americans would continue to have a place in the rapidly gentrifying city. And she was a mainstay of Mother Emanuel, where her mom once sang in the choir and where Cynthia learned to love the Lord. Her best friend from her teen years, Kim McFarland Wright, recalls the depth of Hurd's spirituality. "Girl," she once marveled, "you sure know how to pray!"

So great was the devastation to the family and friends of Cynthia Hurd that Malcolm Graham could hardly understand what happened at the bond hearing. His sister's body was still in the morgue, and already people were talking about forgiveness. Where was the reckoning of all that was lost and why it was lost and what could be done? Even now, he suspects that forgiving was far from the minds of most families. "During the whole week of that shooting—and during that bond hearing—two families out of nine made that statement," he says. "And the media kind of blanketed it across all of the families."

"Nine individual lives, families, faith walks. Some faith walks are longer than others. For me, forgiveness is a process," Graham continues. "It's a journey. Forgiving for me, then and now, is miles, miles, miles away."

'Nine individual lives, families, faith walks. Some faith walks are longer than others. For me, forgiveness is a process'

The accused killer, he notes, has done nothing publicly to suggest remorse. “If my sister was walking across the street and she was hit by a distracted driver, and the driver immediately said, ‘Oh my God! Please forgive me, I didn’t mean to do this’—forgiveness would come easier. But in this case, it was calculated. It was premeditated. It was deliberate. It was intentional. This guy inflicted pain on me, my family, so many other families—and the community and the nation as a whole. My sister died simply because she was black.”

That harsh reality of murderous racism demands a more ambitious and sustained response than any he has seen so far, Graham says. As a former state senator and Charlotte city councilman in North Carolina, Hurd’s brother knows well the ebb and flow of politics, and he is worried that the chance for more profound change in the aftermath of the Emanuel massacre has already been smothered in the blanket of forgiveness.

Amid the self-congratulation over mothballing the Confederate flag, Graham published a guest column in August in the *Charleston Chronicle*, the city’s black-oriented newspaper. “I’m not optimistic about what will happen next,” Graham wrote, “because public-policy bodies—general assemblies and city councils and Congress—pay attention to the moment. As the days and weeks go by, people tend to say, ‘That happened; now let’s move on to something else.’”

The trouble with forgiveness, Graham suggests, is that it becomes an easy excuse to avoid difficult action. When he looks at the agenda most African Americans care about—voting rights, jobs, education, health care and equal justice—Graham sees scant progress in some areas and backsliding in others. “Ultimately, the flag is just a symbol,” he wrote. “Its removal must be the beginning of bigger reforms that empower America’s African Americans.”

XII

Or take it one step further. The trouble with focusing on forgiveness in this story is that it might make white society more complacent while denying black victims a measure of their humanity. The Rev. Waltrina Middleton of Cleveland has thought a lot about this in the months since her cousin DePayne Middleton Doctor was murdered.

This is where she comes down: the statements at the bond hearing were genuine and prophetic, she believes, reflecting the religious conviction that “because we live in God, I can live into forgiveness.” But the way the statements were immediately seized on as the true meaning of what happened “took away our narrative to be rightfully hurt. I can’t turn off my pain.” Complex beliefs were flattened and volcanic anguish neutralized as a way of avoiding the ugly

implications of racist violence.

“You have people who already look at black people as being uncivilized,” Middleton says, trying to explain why so many African Americans embraced the narrative of forgiveness. So when the eyes of the world swing suddenly to a community like Mother Emanuel, “there’s this great pressure to perform. Behave yourself! Don’t do this, don’t do that—because white people are watching. Look at how the media portrayed the anger of the people of Ferguson.”

Or consider the case, in her own city, of a child named Tamir Rice, killed by police who mistook his toy gun for a real one. “Right here in Cleveland, a 12-year-old child is shot to death. We’re not allowed to be angry?” Middleton asks. “Now you have the spotlight on Charleston and people are watching to see how these black folks are going to respond. Create this image of civility. We don’t want white people uncomfortable.” For that matter, where’s the talk of forgiveness when mass killers strike white communities? “We have to tell the truth: the racism is real.”

Losing DePayne was like losing a sister for Middleton. They grew up together in Hollywood, a small town about a half-hour inland from Charleston. Their tight-knit extended family had produced a bounty of AME pastors over the generations and maintained its own wooden chapel on the plot of land where they had their homes. They called the little sanctuary “the classroom,” and the family learned to pray in weekly sessions where siblings and cousins hit the plank floor on their knees.

“There was a lot of love on that land,” says Darleen Townsend, another cousin. “We didn’t have to go out and have a lot of friends because they gave us a big community.” Middleton says DePayne was the family’s voice of reason. “Her loss is a tragedy on many levels.”

At 49, Doctor’s life on that last day seemed to be easing after a long, difficult stretch. Nearly nine years after a tough divorce left her alone to care for four daughters, she was at a point where she could encourage one of the girls to include her father’s name in her baccalaureate message. It wouldn’t do to grow up bitter, Doctor counseled the child. A years-long run of unemployment had finally ended with a good job as admissions coordinator at the Charleston branch of Southern Wesleyan University, her alma mater. And the loss of a once happy church home had been resolved by Pinckney’s warm welcome to Mother Emanuel.

She was “a female Job,” as her sister Bethane Middleton-Brown put it. Like the long-suffering figure from the Old Testament, Doctor endured more than her share of trials but never lost faith in her God.

Doctor felt called to preach at an early age, but unlike the Rev. Pinckney, she resisted. When at last



Bethane Middleton-Brown with Gracyn, Hali, Kaylin and Czana DePayne
After the Rev. DePayne Middleton Doctor's death, Middleton-Brown, center, moved her nieces to live with her in Charlotte, N.C. She called her sister "the female Job."

Among the survivors of the shooting, it troubles some that the world has come to speak of 'the Emanuel Nine'

she answered the call, she developed the fiery pulpit presence displayed in her trial sermon at Emanuel. Titled "Praising in the Press," it focused on praising God even in hard times. "I was like, 'Wow!'" says Rose Mary Singleton, an Emanuel member in the pews that morning. "She was dynamite."

Doctor also gave voice to her convictions in a powerful alto that made her a favored soloist wherever she went to church. You can hear her even now on YouTube, singing "Oh, It Is Jesus" with the Mount Moriah choir, pleading, exclaiming and exulting in turns.

"Her favorite song was 'I Really Love the Lord,' and she sang it from her heart," recalls Charles Miller Jr., a musician at Emanuel. It is as straightforward as any hymn of praise ever written, and just about irresistible when a choir's in full voice and the electric organ is nailing each modulation. DePayne Doctor could relate to the mention of dark days, but she preferred the song's promise of victory.

XIII

In certain regions of the country and in certain denominations, Wednesday and church go together like shrimp and grits.

The dedicated Christians who attend as faithfully midweek as they do on Sunday are sometimes known as "the Wednesday people." When the business meeting finally adjourned at Emanuel on June 17, those who remained for the delayed Bible study were about as Wednesday as people get.

In the pastor's office, Jennifer Pinckney, an educator, went to work on a lesson plan while her daughter Malana settled in to watch a movie. Twelve others gathered around four tables in the adjacent fellowship hall. Some would later find this to be highly symbolic, as the number 12 packs strong biblical overtones. There were 12 Apostles, 12 tribes of Israel.

Among the survivors of the shooting, it troubles some that the world has come to speak of "the Emanuel Nine." Even inside the church, when donations poured in from around the world, they were designated for the Nine. To survive is to be forgotten.

One of those who lived is Polly Sheppard, 71, whose husband James taught Sunday school at Emanuel for a quarter-century. To be honest she wasn't enthusiastic about this night's session. A diabetic, Sheppard was hungry and worried about her

blood-sugar level. But the day was so important to her friend Myra Thompson. Sheppard stayed as a gesture of support but sat at the table closest to the door in hopes of sneaking out early.

Sharing Sheppard's table was Ethel Lance. The table next to them was filled by Felicia Sanders, 58, and three members of her family: her aunt Susie Jackson, 87; her son Tywanza Sanders, 26; and her 11-year-old granddaughter.

The focus of the room was on the next table, where the freshly minted Rev. Thompson sat with her notes. The Rev. Simmons was in another chair listening intently, armed as usual with a stack of books in which he had marked relevant passages. Cynthia Hurd sat down with them, along with DePayne Middleton Doctor. (Her friend Brenda Nelson begged off from attending because she had to check on a broken air conditioner.)

The fifth person at Thompson's table was the Rev. Sharonda Coleman-Singleton, 45, a speech pathologist and track coach at Goose Creek High School north of Charleston. A mother of three and a native of New Jersey, Singleton had the confident bearing of an accomplished athlete and an incandescent smile. She had been one of a group of runners at South Carolina State University who were known as the "Goddamn Beauty Queens" by a coach who felt they drew too much attention from the men's teams at track meets.

But there was toughness to her as well. No one can excel in the 400-m hurdles, as Singleton did in helping her team to a conference championship, without being tough; the event is a grueling combination of speed, endurance and concentration. That toughness came out when she cheered for her son Chris, a two-sport star for the Goose Creek Gators who was now playing college baseball at Charleston Southern. And it showed on her résumé: single mother, three jobs—teacher, coach, minister—and working on her doctorate.

"She did so much as a mom," says a college teammate and lifelong friend, Kennetha Wright Manning, a Georgia eye doctor. "And she did a lot of stuff in the church and a lot of stuff in her work. She just did so much, but it never seemed like it was too much because she could do it all."

She was introduced to Emanuel by her husband, also named Chris, but Singleton's relationship with the church survived their divorce, although she preached in other pulpits on some Sunday mornings. The older men and women of Emanuel were like grandparents to her children, and Singleton's faith was constant wherever she worshipped, because it relied on a direct line to God.

Her friend the doctor tells this story: "Even before she became a minister she had a close relationship with God." A time came when Wright Manning was near despair and turned to Singleton. "I had a

miscarriage before I had my first child, and it took me three years to get pregnant,” she recalls. Her friend’s response was “very matter-of-fact. She said: ‘God didn’t tell me that you weren’t going to have any kids.’ It wasn’t like a question. It was like she knew. Like God told her.” Wright Manning is now the mother of four.

In the wake of her death, Singleton’s son Chris, though only a sophomore, fielded questions about his mother during a press conference beside the ball field. The young man’s composure and confidence were impressive and projected a flavor of his upbringing—though with time he would grow tired of facing the cameras with a brave front. Some things take a while to sink in, and for young people of great promise, unfamiliar with utter loss, the finality of death is certainly one. That evening by the field, calm and handsome in a thistle-colored polo shirt, he remembered the face he would not see again. “In this situation, I think about her smile,” he said. “She smiles 24/7.”

Sharonda Coleman-Singleton may well have flashed that smile in the direction of a young man about Chris’ age who joined the Bible study shortly after 8 p.m. He was wearing jeans, a gray shirt and tan boots, and he sat down at the fourth table with Pinckney.

XIV

In September 1942, an Austrian doctor named Viktor Frankl was enslaved along with his wife and parents and many other Viennese Jews in a Nazi camp called Theresienstadt. After two years in this supposed “model” ghetto—where prisoners were not gassed, although thousands died of disease, abuse and overwork—the Frankls were transported to Auschwitz, where they were immediately split up. Three were sent to their deaths, while Frankl was marched to yet another slave-labor camp where he clung to life until the place was liberated. Apart from one sister who fled Austria ahead of the Germans, his entire family was wiped out.

As he set about shoring up his fragments, Frankl turned his study to the question of human dignity under such conditions. What allows a person who has been stripped of everything to hold on to an essence of humanity? His conclusions are set down in a slim book with the English title *Man’s Search for Meaning*. Published in the U.S. in 1959, the book had sold more than 10 million copies by the time of Frankl’s death in 1997.

In it, Frankl describes the conditions that led some prisoners to commit suicide and others to become kapos, the turncoat slaves who supervised, often brutalized and even killed their fellow prisoners. But his real interest is in the prisoners who, in spite of everything, “walked through the huts comforting others, giving away their last piece of



bread. They may have been few in number, but they offer sufficient proof that everything can be taken from a man but one thing: the last of the human freedoms—to choose one’s attitude in any given set of circumstances, to choose one’s own way.”

In interviews with those who were victimized by the attack at Mother Emanuel, something of this determination recurs again and again. Anthony Thompson, while explaining his decision to forgive Roof, frames his choice in terms of his own freedom. “When I forgave him, my peace began,” he says. “I’m done with him. He doesn’t have control of me.”

Ina Jackson, who lost her grandmother, says, “It’s easy to react and destroy things around you. I think it’s harder to show peace and how strong you can be amidst something so tragic and hurtful. It’s strength to show that this situation isn’t going to make you be out of character.”

Behind their words of forgiveness lies a determination to choose their own reaction, to be the same people after this monstrous event that they sought to be before it happened.

It is no coincidence that Frankl distilled his philosophy from the experience of captivity,

Walter and Ellenora Jackson

Susie Jackson’s only child and his wife in their home in Cleveland. Walter said his mother’s joy made her who she was

enslavement and mass murder, nor that his prescription bears a strong resemblance to the ancient Stoic philosophy of the Roman slave Epictetus. Maimed by a cruel master in the time of Emperor Nero, Epictetus taught that everything apart from one's own will is beyond one's control. That includes health, wealth and the behavior of others—loved ones as well as enemies. Freedom lies in mastering one's responses and moral decisions, for the only things “under our control are moral purpose and all the acts of moral purpose.”

Prisoners and slaves are forced to reckon with the guttering candle of their freedom. Multiplied through centuries of enslaved and degraded generations, the reckoning becomes a cultural heritage. The forgivers of Charleston trace their beliefs to a communion of forebears stripped of all liberty—except its essence. This culture has been nurtured in churches that promise, someday, the vindication of the just, the liberation of the captive and the exaltation of the downtrodden. They worship a teacher who forgave those who crucified him even as he was dying on the Cross.

This notion of forgiveness has little to do with the offender. Indeed, it says little about the future paths and attitudes of the forgiver. It is the choice made by Anthony Thompson, who says emphatically that he wants nothing ever to do with Roof. But it is also the path of Polly Sheppard, who hopes someday to minister to Roof in prison and lead him to Christ.

Because it says little or nothing about future actions or the demands of justice, this philosophy has always attracted critics who condemn it as a form of surrender or acquiescence to oppression. The world is admirably arranged for racists and tyrants when their victims acknowledge the limits of their own control.

But it need not be surrender. Many have found strength in these ideas. By stripping away illusions of control and focusing on what actually can be achieved, one is free to steel one's courage and sharpen one's determination. Nelson Mandela, during the 15th of his 27 years in prison, was moved to mark a passage and sign his name in a volume of Shakespeare. The text, from *Julius Caesar*, is a variation on Frankl's theme: no one can control death, only the attitude with which one faces it. “Cowards die many times before their deaths:/ The valiant never taste of death but once./ ... death, a necessary end,/ Will come when it will come.”

And death came.

XV

Many around Charleston are steeped in Scripture, and they found it remarkable that the text for the Bible study was Mark, Chapter 4. For Christians, the seed that is scattered in those verses is the word of God, which takes root in some hearts and

not in others. Faithful believers, when they encounter this passage, almost certainly pause to reflect: What sort of soil am I?

But like all good parables, the passage is open to other readings. The scattered seeds might be bits of wisdom, or acts of kindness, or models of courage—any virtue or healthy discipline or fruitful idea that will bloom if properly nurtured. How grim, then, to imagine a young man's thoughts as he hardens himself for nearly an hour against this message, scratching out footholds in the rockiest corners of his heart. That Roof reportedly said afterward that he wavered because the people of Mother Emanuel were so warm and welcoming, such good soil, in no way softens this picture.

At 8:50 p.m., Singleton discreetly sent a text to her daughter saying she loved her. Around the same time, Tywanza Sanders Snapchatted the scene, broadcasting a glimpse of the man who would soon end his life. Roof was sitting quietly as Simmons spoke and gestured with outstretched arms. The killer had said little or nothing the whole time.

The lesson ended a few minutes after 9. Twelve people bowed their heads for a closing prayer. According to police affidavits and survivor reports, Roof reached into a fanny pack where he had hidden a .45-caliber handgun and multiple clips of ammunition. He first fired on Clementa Pinckney from point-blank range. The shooting was so sudden that Felicia Sanders thought for a moment the electrical transformer must have blown.

Simmons realized what had happened. “My pastor! My pastor!” he cried, springing in the direction of Pinckney and the gunman, who turned the weapon on him, firing repeatedly.

Roof moved to the next table. With Simmons mortally wounded, he murdered Thompson, Doctor, Hurd and Singleton in a storm of gunfire, barely pausing to eject an empty clip and slam in a fresh one. Shell casings rattled on the linoleum floor, and the air turned acrid with burnt powder.

At the third table from the rear door, Felicia Sanders dropped to the floor and pulled her granddaughter close. “Shhh,” she whispered urgently, then willed herself to be still. Across the table, Roof approached Susie Jackson.

Aunt Susie. *Matriarch* would be the wrong word for her because, while it captures a wise woman surrounded by children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren and generations of nieces and nephews—there is something slightly chilly in it. And her survivors have only warm memories. The birthdays she invariably marked with a colorful card and money inside. The visits during school holidays when she made someone's favorite macaroni and cheese or fried fish. “She always cooked for us,” grandson Timothy Jackson recalls. “She made us a big plate and wouldn't let us leave the table until we



were done eating. I remember when I was young, we'd sit there 30 or 40 minutes trying to finish it all—she made such big plates.”

Then there would be dessert.

Although she stockpiled movies and other distractions for the kids, generations of her brood remember humbler lessons. She taught them to care for a dog, feed a caged songbird, plant a garden, scale a fish.

Of course there was church on Sundays. Jackson must have missed a Sunday sometime in 87 years, but if so, it is long forgotten. A former pastor, Stephen Singleton, says emphatically, “Emanuel’s strongest ministry is the senior-citizens ministry—let there be no mistake. Susie was one of four women who made that ministry go.” No milestone or illness in the life of an elderly church member would escape the attention of her wide network of friends.

For her surprise 70th-birthday party, the family created a card that featured her in the kitchen, talking on the telephone, with Mother Emanuel as the backdrop. On the same occasion, another grandson, Walter Jackson Jr., composed a poem that Jackson kept on framed display for the rest of her life. “You need not hide your joy,” he wrote, “because it makes you who you are.”

“She really took care of us, wanted the best of us,” Timothy Jackson says. “She wanted us to have the image she was the best grandma in the world—and she was.”

Now her grandnephew Tywanza Sanders con-

fronted the killer. “You don’t have to do this,” he said.

“You rape our women. And you’re taking over the country. I have to do this,” replied the man with the gun. He said this to a peaceful young man surrounded by family at a church-basement Bible study.

Jackson and Sanders died together, inches from where Felicia was clinging to her granddaughter. She heard her son’s last words—“Mom, I think I’ve been shot”—and saw him, in his final gesture, reach over to touch Aunt Susie’s hair.

The shooting lasted for about 90 seconds, an eternity under such conditions. In the pastor’s office, Jennifer Pinckney huddled on the floor with her little ballerina. Investigators later counted 77 bullets. Empty clips on the ground told them that the gun was reloaded at least five times.

Roof murdered Lance when he reached the last table, according to evidence reports. Sheppard was on the floor nearby, praying loudly. “Shut up,” he barked. “Have I shot you yet?”

“No,” she answered bravely. The killer said he would let her live to tell the story of his deeds, then turned and left the room. Felicia speculates that she and her granddaughter survived only because they looked dead, so covered in blood and brains.

XVI

His was a world of possibilities. “The path to get him where he wanted to go, he was always changing it. He never had an idle bone—he always had Plan A, B, C and D. Sometimes we’d say, ‘Ty, you’re doing too much. You need to

Polly Sheppard, left, and Felicia Sanders

The longtime friends, seen at Sanders’ Charleston home, both survived the massacre. The killer spared Sheppard at gunpoint so she would tell what happened

‘We were like one person sometimes. And I took him to Bible study, because where is safer than Bible study?’

rein it in, have more of a laser focus.’ And he’d say, ‘I can’t. I gotta keep pushing.’”

This is Shirrene Goss, speaking in the past tense about a young man who was all future tense. Her little brother Tywanza Sanders was a handsome man with a dazzling smile; a poet, musician, entrepreneur; a barber who cut hair while telling everyone in the shop that one day the whole world would know his name; a rapper, philosopher; lover of a good argument and a good deed; seeker of God.

He was trying stand-up comedy. Thinking about modeling. He might pursue an M.B.A. He was considering law school. He had a sideline in tattoo artistry. He was headed to grad school in music production. Life, Sanders understood, is a multiple-choice quiz, and his answer was all of the above.

What was certain in the young man’s mind was that he would be rich and famous and at the same time kind and faithful. When Simmons, at the Bible study, advised him to share his future wealth with the church, Sanders replied cheerfully that yes, he would be wealthy, and no, he would not neglect Mother Emanuel.

Wanza, his friends called him. He had his mom’s name tattooed on his chest when she was fighting cancer. Felicia advised him that no girl would marry him with his mom’s name on his chest. “Well, that will be their loss,” he replied. He once walked up to a crying stranger on his college campus, introduced himself and instantly convinced her that things would be all right. He liked to trick his aunt Mabel almost as much as she liked being tricked by him.

Because Sanders was pure hope and possibility and future, because he resisted closing doors in his life—he was still banging them open with infectious enthusiasm—he represents perfectly the crushing loss that is murder. Statistics can be numbing: 26 dead in Newtown; 12 dead and 70 wounded in Aurora; 2,977 confirmed dead in the Sept. 11 attacks. The promise destroyed in each one can be hard to hold on to. All the blessings, trials and victories that will not be experienced and shared. All the hurt for those left behind, whose wounds will far outlast the world’s attention.

Felicia Sanders sits at her dining-room table. Weeks after that day, thousands of condolences from around the world are piled next to picture books and souvenirs of Tywanza’s life. The family has barely begun to sort through it all.

“At the bond hearing, I said my life will never be

the same. I was actually speaking from that day forever, and it hasn’t been the same,” she says. Her relationship with her son was unusually close. Tywanza told her everything, even things that make a mom uncomfortable. She never wanted to say no to him. “We were like one person sometimes. And I took him to Bible study, because where is safer than Bible study? And I still lost him.”

She continues: “Time is going to help me in some kind of way. I need time. Other than that, I don’t know what will help. I’m searching and seeking.”

Although she walked out of that room alive, Felicia Sanders took with her an incalculable burden of loss. She lost her son. She lost her aunt Susie and her friend Cynthia Hurd. She lost the freedom to be with her granddaughter without the memory of their time together in the valley of the shadow. She even lost her anchor at Mother Emanuel. Like some others close to the massacre, Sanders now feels estranged from her church. She says she hasn’t met with the interim pastor, and few of her church friends have reached out. Maybe they don’t know what to say. As Robert Frost put it: “The nearest friends can go/ With anyone to death, comes so far short/ They might as well not try to go at all.”

And yet, she says, “I forgave right away.” She had no choice. “If you don’t, you’re letting evil into your heart. You’re the one suffering. You’re the one hating. You have to forgive. For you.”

And for those who died. For months in the aftermath of the Mother Emanuel killings, during scores of interviews across dozens of hours, this question of forgiveness was scrutinized and tweezed from every direction. And this is the conclusion. What happened after Charleston was not a matter of snap judgments or ill-chosen words. It was not born of a need to reassure white people, even if it may have had that effect. Nor was it simply the product of oppression, though the past can’t be separated from the present. It was an expression of genuine hearts. The nine lost lives belonged to church folk, Wednesday people, true believers. And their family members—for all their anger and shock and loss—all in their own ways seek to honor that and give them a victory despite the killer’s hatred.

XVII

Felicia Sanders asked the FBI for one thing: the return of two Bibles. The FBI said they were not recoverable.

She insisted.

So the investigators sent her Bible and Tywanza’s Bible to the Bureau’s high-tech labs in Quantico, Va., where they were cleaned as thoroughly as possible, leaf by leaf.

Sanders has them now. The pages are pink with blood that will never wash away. But she can still make out the words.



Time Off

'THERE'S TWO TYPES OF ACTING: CONVINCING AND NOT CONVINCING.' —PAGE 65

MOVIES

Tom Hardy doubles the trouble in *Legend*

By Sam Lansky

TOM HARDY LIKES TO PLAY difficult men, so stepping into the role of one of England's most bloodthirsty gangsters was an exciting prospect. Stepping into the role of two of them at once—identical twins, actually—presented more of a challenge. Still, it appealed to Hardy, who plays Reggie and Ronnie Kray, the crime kingpins who dominated 1960s London, in his new film *Legend* (in theaters Nov. 20). “Everyone hates the Krays where I come from. Their victims are going to look at this and say, ‘Why would you do a film about a couple of heinous, evil pieces of sh-t?’” Hardy says. “But if you’ve got time on your hands and you’re like me, you look for something to do which is naughty.”

Naughty is where Hardy, 38, excels. Born and raised in London, where he trained classically as an actor, he’s emerged over the past decade as the blockbuster action star with the sharpest knack for picking surprising projects: films about violence and its consequences, films where he’s dazzlingly unlikable. He played a con man in Christopher Nolan’s 2010 film *Incep-*



SMOOTH CRIMINALS

Hardy as *Legend*'s identical twins Reggie, left, and Ronnie Kray

tion, which earned more than \$800 million at the box office; two years later, he played the metaphysical terrorist Bane in Nolan's *The Dark Knight Rises*, which raked in over \$1 billion. This summer he tackled the title role in the high-octane franchise reboot *Mad Max: Fury Road*, which earned plaudits for its unlikely feminist sensibility; in December he will star opposite Leonardo DiCaprio in *Birdman* director Alejandro González Iñárritu's *The Revenant*, a grisly tale of revenge set among fur trappers in the 1820s. Projects like these have branded him as one of Hollywood's most savage movie stars, and he knows it. "I'm not going to fit into *Love Actually*. That's not my cup of tea," he says. "I'm not Hugh Grant. I'm not Eddie Redmayne. Love Eddie, but that's not me. I'm not interested in that spectrum."



Hardy uses more deliberate speech to distinguish Ronnie, left, from Reggie

"Tom, in his heart, is a character actor," says *Legend* director Brian Helgeland. "But he's so compelling that he's become a leading man."

In person, Hardy is less brooding than the men he's best known for playing—he's warm and funny, prone to colorful digressions. He's similarly lively in *Legend*, which traces the Kray brothers' ascent to power as they crushed a rival gang and flexed their muscle across London. Hardy deftly inhabits both the suave, calculating Reggie, whose wife Frances (Emily Browning) serves as narrator, and the impulsive, sociopathic Ronnie, who was openly gay. "The two of them together was like the animus and the anima in play," Hardy says.

Instead of shying away from Ronnie's sexuality, the film revels in it. Ronnie is typically flanked by a pair of hand-

some younger men and regales fellow crime lords with a tale of "twisting up a Haitian boy like a pretzel." There's a sly progressivism at work here—the idea that a gangster in an action movie can also be openly gay, even at a historical moment when that was unusual. Hardy was drawn to that. "He was the most interesting character to play," he says of Ronnie.

But the project also came with the technical challenges of playing two central characters at once, in both emotional scenes and elaborately choreographed fight sequences, including a nightclub brawl between the two brothers—which is a lot to tackle, even for an unusually ambitious actor. When asked about his process, Hardy is blunt. "There's two types of acting: convincing and not convincing," he says. "People describe me

as intense. It's because I care. I am a pain in the ass because I care. Do I know what I'm doing? No. Do I have the best of intentions? Yes. Does that lead to hell?" He cocks his head. "Sometimes."

Earlier this fall, *Black Mass* earned Oscar buzz for Johnny Depp as another real-life gangster, Whitey Bulger, who was unambiguous in his villainy. *Legend* is different—it's a slick, crackling movie that asks us to root for two murderers, which is risky. But Hardy says he likes that element of danger. "What would I like to do today—phone it in and do a film that pays a sack of money, or do something that I'm passionate about?" he says. "Let's play characters that everybody loves or absolutely hates. It's going to get a response, even if it's 'Tom Hardy was sh-t in it.' That's O.K." He grins. "It's a response." □

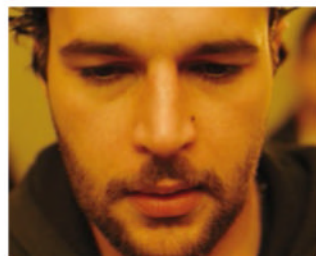
REVIEW

James White is set to stun

A MANHATTAN KID BORN and raised, the title character of *James White* muddles his way through young adulthood in a fog of drink and smoke, with no job, no direction and no fixed address. James (Christopher Abbott) is dealing badly with the death of his estranged father, and soon enough he is dealing, badly, with the terminal illness of his much loved mother (Cynthia Nixon).

There is no solace to be had in this raw, intimate drama, a feature-film debut for writer-director Josh Mond. No triumph of the human spirit. There is instead something rarer and more valuable: urgently personal filmmaking, and Abbott's stunning performance. Some may know him as Marnie's too nice boyfriend Charlie in *Girls*, but here, with the camera close on his expressive face, Abbott finds power in explosions of self-destruction and glimpses of vulnerable soul within the character. In sync with Abbott, Nixon's character cycles through love, anger and utter helplessness, weaving the aspects of one frightened woman into an honesty and generosity that unexpectedly lifts this compelling downer.

—LISA SCHWARZBAUM



Abbott's dissipated son blends power and vulnerability

Pitt and Jolie Pitt co-star in their first film together since Mr. & Mrs. Smith in 2005



REVIEW

By the Sea finds a marriage adrift in beauty and grief

THE PICTURESQUE ROADS LEAD TO THE MEDITERRANEAN as a vintage convertible rolls past an ancient church in a cliff-side town. But forget about that stunning vista—Angelina Jolie Pitt and Brad Pitt are in that car, co-starring for the first time in 10 years and drawing us into a soulful, seductive drama. They play Roland and Vanessa, married for 14 years and headed for a hotel in the south of France to reconnect after a tragedy. It's 1973; he's a blocked writer, she's a former dancer, and they speak in the terse language of dissolution. Vanessa rejects his advances, preferring to stare at the ocean. "Have a nice day," he mutters, leaving to write, and drink, in the bar. "I won't," she replies. As Roland bonds with the café's wise owner, Vanessa finds a hole in the wall and spies on the sexy honeymoon of neighbors Lea and François.

When Vanessa befriends the newlyweds, Roland suspiciously confronts her: Is she delivering a death knell to her own marriage, pushing others toward misery, or both?

Jolie Pitt, in her third film as a director, infuses her original screenplay with a sparseness reminiscent of Hemingway's tales of mislaid love and Michelangelo Antonioni's cinematic alienation. But *By the Sea* is its own lovely creation, deadly serious about how grief divides, conquers and possibly unites.

The movie is photographed and scored with era-specific dreaminess, but the couple at its center are wickedly focused. One of Pitt's secret strengths is his watchful stillness, used here as an empathy gauge. Jolie Pitt, directing herself for the first time, is as brave as ever, even when making a movie filled with opaque, Euro-style artiness. Yet *By the Sea* dares us not to dive in. Confidence goes a long way, in love or filmmaking.

—JOE NEUMAIER

Jolie Pitt infuses a sparseness reminiscent of Hemingway's tales of mislaid love and Antonioni's cinematic alienation

REVIEW

The 33 makes a big impact underground

RIPPING A STORY FROM THE headlines can make the unbelievable undeniable—which is certainly the case with *The 33*, director Patricia Riggen's nail-biter about the trapped Chilean gold and copper miners of 2010. The world may have seen the outcome, but it's still convincing, a story of courage without platitudes, and it features one of Antonio Banderas' best performances in years. That the film is in English feels like pandering—would it kill Americans to read subtitles?—as does the surface drama involving the miners' loved ones (Juliette Binoche, Kate del Castillo, Cote de Pablo), who wait and wait and wait, witnessing corporate incompetence and political panic. It's all a little too earnest and noble.

We also get the geological wizardry of the stalwart engineers (Gabriel Byrne, James Brolin) and the idealism of the young Mining Minister (Rodrigo Santoro), persuading his government to take up the rescue. But mostly *The 33* is about the 33, fighting off fear, despair and the urge to kill each other, and staying alive for 69 days on food meant for three. It's also a cry against mining deregulation, but that's so obvious that Riggen doesn't need to hit it with a hammer.

—JOHN ANDERSON

In miner Mario Sepúlveda, Banderas finds one of his finest roles in years



FICTION

A girl and her horse anchor a story of defiance

MARY GAITSKILL MAY BE THE LAST AUTHOR ONE WOULD expect to write a story of a girl and her horse. The reigning classic in the equine genre, Enid Bagnold's *National Velvet*, tells the sweet story of Velvet, a teenage girl who learns to ride the steeplechase on her beloved piebald. By contrast, Gaitskill's short stories and novels have, until now, regarded life less as a journey toward triumph than as a series of humiliations to be (barely) endured. The author's best-known story was adapted into the BDSM film *Secretary*; her 2005 novel *Veronica*, a bitter masterpiece, granted its narrator a glimpse of fame and achievement before plunging her into poor health and degradation.

And yet Gaitskill has, with her new novel *The Mare*, learned a different gait. This novel's protagonist, also named Velvet, is tough and taciturn, but she opens up on a Fresh Air Fund trip to upstate New York after meeting an ill-tempered horse with whom she has an intimate, almost supernatural connection. Velvet's life in New York City, where she lives with a stern, illiterate Dominican mother who cannot speak English and rents out Velvet's bedroom to survive, comes to feel like a shadow version of the life she experiences while riding.

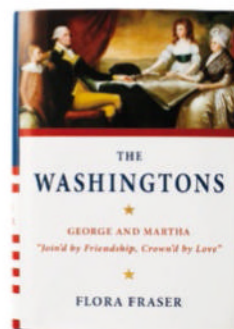
There's moral complexity to *The Mare*. Velvet's host Ginger, a recovering alcoholic coming to terms with the death of her sister, is motivated by a potent mix of altruism, a sublimated desire for a daughter and the wish to live her own life again, but better. (Her husband Paul, less so.) And Velvet's mother, who'd be easy for a novelist to render as an obstacle to be overcome, is animated by a complicated but no less real love.

We see the story through all these perspectives in alternating first-person narrations that give a real sense of each character's passions and flaws. *The Mare* is far from childlike, but it is a novel of late childhood: that state of being in which one is constantly aware of but unable to reach an independent life beyond the present.

By the time the barriers of geography, mind-set and circumstance erode to bring all the characters together, we've seen exactly how judgment has held each of them back. It's only through outright defiance of what's expected of her that Velvet is able to experience a moment of grace. It's an overtly sentimental moment on its face, and one that gains new resonance for the reader, who knows that it's not only Velvet who's breaking free. —DANIEL D'ADDARIO



The Mare is far from childlike, but it is a novel of late childhood, when one is constantly aware of but unable to reach an independent life



HISTORY

Marriage tips from the first First Couple

IT'S A SELF-EVIDENT TRUTH that George Washington set precedents. In her new book *The Washingtons*, a biography of America's founding marriage, Flora Fraser makes the less evident point that Martha Washington set some too and that together they paved the way for First Couples to follow.

The Washingtons can be a model for the rest of us too. George and Martha had a full partnership and a functional blended family, in which George fully embraced his stepchildren as his own. Privately and publicly, according to Fraser's account, they weren't stingy with affection. Martha, predating Joni Mitchell by about 200 years, called George her "Old Man"; his comrade-in-arms Henry Lee III once noted that George, in turn, was "exemplarily tender" to Martha.

They also knew that marriage takes work. It's pointless to "look for perfect felicity before you consent to wed," George would write to a granddaughter in 1794—but whether or not he sought it, he and Martha are proof that you can get pretty close.

—LILY ROTHMAN



haveKINDLEwillTRAVEL

@FURSTY, OLDEN | Tucked away in the Norwegian fjords, I spent the cold and quiet mornings by the water reading *The Martian* on my Kindle Paperwhite. The otherworldly landscape made each page feel as if I were on another planet.

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STYLE

Fashion counsel from an actual Dapper Dan

By Sarah Begley



TWO WONDERFUL things have happened in the world of men's style in recent years: men who take care with their looks are no longer condescendingly labeled "metrosexual," and looking your best has be-

come synonymous with feeling good about yourself (that one's a win for everyone).

For those who want to get their dapper on but don't really know how, sound advice has arrived in a new book by an actual Dapper Dan—British journalist and fashion consultant Dan Jones. With jaunty illustrations by Libby VanderPloeg, *Man Made* lays out handy tips "for men and manly people of all ages" who want to put the best foot, hand and hair forward. There's sage counsel on how to wear basics, which Jones says include a good blazer, a peacoat and a blue or gray suit. Among his neckwear maxims: "A knitted tie fills in that tiny gap between smart-casual and formal."

Readers can decide how much time and money they want to spend following Jones' guidance and whether to indulge in the more faddish trends he explores, like man buns and dry-brushing skin to exfoliate. But many of the suggestions involve simple modifications to common practices: Count to 30 while washing your face, rubbing in circular motions, to get a deeper clean and brighten your skin; tackle body odor by toweling off more thoroughly after showers; for a closer shave, zap a wet washcloth or towel in the microwave for a few seconds, then hold it to your face to soften and prep.

Jones' advice can at times be proscriptive. On cover-ups for balding: "A comb-over is indeed an international crime." And themed boxers: "No Tweety Pie, Garfield or Simpsons cartoonery," though "Snoopy's okay." Overall, the tips in *Man Made* are in line with today's feel-good, look-good ethos. "The fail-safe approach—one that wins every time—is to balance fitting in (to be respectful) with sticking out (being yourself)." As long as being yourself involves gentle exfoliation. □



Today's icons, according to Dan Jones

KARL-EDWIN GUERRE

"NYC photographer Karl-Edwin Guerre always looks considered and confident with a touch of Willy Wonka weirdness. He knows how to have fun and is brave enough to play with color."



DAVID LYNCH

"Lofty and wonky-handsome with a strong signature style of dark, deconstructed suiting and crisp white shirting buttoned up to the neck, topped off with a geyser of silvery-gray *Eraserhead* hair."



TONY WARD

"The '90s model and contemporary artist Tony Ward (Madonna's onetime boyfriend) seems 100% confident in his own skin, meaning he always looks great, whatever he's wearing. He also has the world's second most amazing tattoo collection. (The first is Adam Goldberg's, obviously.)"



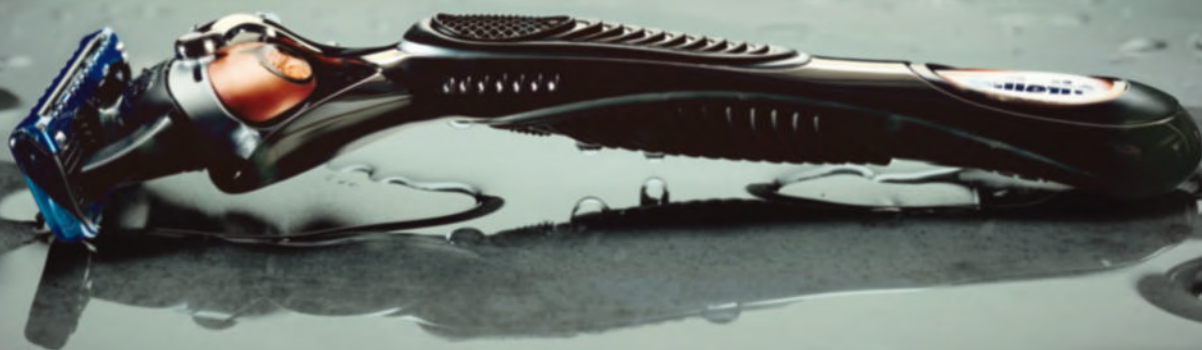
PHARRELL WILLIAMS

"As he enters his early 40s, musician, artist, designer and fragrance creator Pharrell Williams champions the idea of dressing how you feel—and not forcing it. And if this means stepping out in a Vivienne Westwood hat and custom-made cashmere SpongeBob SquarePants socks, I'm in."

NEVER SAY NO TO ADVENTURES.
ALWAYS SAY YES. OTHERWISE
YOU WILL LEAD A VERY DULL LIFE.

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TIME
PICKS

TELEVISION

New Amazon series ***The Man in the High Castle*** (Nov. 20) is set in 1962, like the Philip K. Dick novel that inspired it, and imagines what the U.S. would look like if the Allies had lost World War II.

^
MUSIC

Adele's third album, 25 (Nov. 20), has already broken sales records thanks to its lead single, "Hello," a powerful ballad that was downloaded more than a million times in its first week.

BOOKS

This Old Man, out Nov. 17, collects the writings of New Yorker contributor Roger Angell, from the title essay on life in his 90s to pieces on baseball, which he's covered for half a century.

^
MOVIES

In buddy comedy ***The Night Before*** (Nov. 20), Seth Rogen, Joseph Gordon-Levitt and Anthony Mackie star as best friends on a final debauchorous Christmas Eve before one becomes a dad.



THEATER

On Your Feet!
dances to a
familiar beat

IN THE FIRST ACT OF THE new musical *On Your Feet!*, Emilio Estefan (played by Josh Segarra) bristles when an oily record executive insists that his band, Miami Sound Machine, won't appeal to English-speaking audiences unless he makes accommodations: dump the horns, tamp down the percussion, change your name. Emilio responds with an indignant recap of his immigrant story—his family left Cuba for Miami when Emilio was a teen to “build a new life”—and a paean to the American Dream. “You should look very closely at my face,” he says, “because whether you know it or not, this is what an American looks like.”

The applause that follows is a sign that the show—full name: *On Your Feet! The Story of Emilio and Gloria Estefan*—at least has impeccable timing. It comes to Broadway just months after the U.S. and Cuba reopened relations and amid the strident anti-immigrant rhetoric of the Republican presidential campaign. Unfortunately, it's not enough to lift *On Your Feet!* above the conventions of its well-worn genre: the inspirational biomusical.

You know the drill: Shy but talented Miami girl Gloria (Ana Villafañe) meets charismatic bandleader, becomes the group's lead singer, helps propel it to the top of the Latin charts, then breaks through to become one of the hottest acts of the '80s. She faces the usual hurdles, among them a dyspeptic

^
LA VIDA CONGA

As Gloria Estefan, Villafañe captures her incendiary appeal. Last month, the Broadway newcomer tweeted that director Mitchell “had to teach me how to bow.”

mother who resents her success and a tour-bus crash that leaves Gloria with a broken back, necessitating surgery and months of recovery. “Is she a fighter?” asks a doctor. If you need to ask, you don't belong at the theater.

The show serves mainly as an animated souvenir book for fans, showcasing Estefan hits—“Conga,” “Rhythm Is Gonna Get You”—along with lesser-known ballads

and one new song written for the show by Gloria and her daughter Emily. With brisk direction by Jerry Mitchell and hot-wired choreography by Sergio Trujillo, *On Your Feet!* passes the time easily enough, and newcomer Villafañe gives a fine, fiery performance. But it lacks the grit or nuance of better examples of the genre, like *Jersey Boys* or *Beautiful: The Carole King Musical*. Indeed, with its simple, sliding-panel sets, paint-by-numbers dialogue and an audience-participation conga line just before intermission, the show seems less suited to Broadway than to what will surely be a long and fruitful life on the road.

—RICHARD ZOGLIN



Battle of the Heartthrobs

English-Irish boy band One Direction and tabloid fixture Justin Bieber are each releasing a new album on Nov. 13. Below, how the pop idols stack up:

TOP 10 HITS



FOLLOWERS



FAMOUS EXES



HEADLINE NEWS

- 2014** Video appears to show two members smoking pot
- 2015** Zayn Malik quits group "to be a normal 22-year-old"
- 2013** Caught on camera urinating into restaurant mop bucket
- 2013** Fined about \$11,000 for leaving pet monkey in German custody

SOURCE: NIELSEN MUSIC

Made in the A.M. RELEASING NOV. 13

Purpose RELEASING NOV. 13

QUICK TALK

Hailee Steinfeld

The *Pitch Perfect 2* actor, who earned an Oscar nomination for her role in the 2010 film *True Grit*, kicks off a music career with the release of her debut EP, *Haiz*, on Nov. 13.

—NOLAN FEENEY

How has starring in *Pitch Perfect 2*, about a collegiate a cappella group, influenced your approach to music?

Learning a cappella has changed my outlook on pop music because you see how much goes into it. I was able to appreciate what a well-produced song is after having to do everything as one person—using your one voice for different instruments to make a sound complete. It really opened my eyes to what goes into making a song from the ground up.

Many fans think the lyrics to your song "Love Myself" are about masturbation. What was your first reaction when you heard the track? I fell in love with the sound and the message, and the beauty in the song is knowing that there is a double meaning—or however many ways people interpret it. For me, it's about taking care of and indulging yourself. It's a message that is very easy to forget and nice to be reminded of.

You're part of Taylor Swift's "squad" of famous friends. What's one thing we wouldn't guess from seeing you together on Instagram? The moments where it's a constant love fest and freak-out between all of us. When I had the honor of going out at MetLife Stadium with Taylor and some of the girls who were in the ["Bad Blood"] video with us, there was a moment when we were all looking at each other like, "We've got to take this all in! This is insane!"

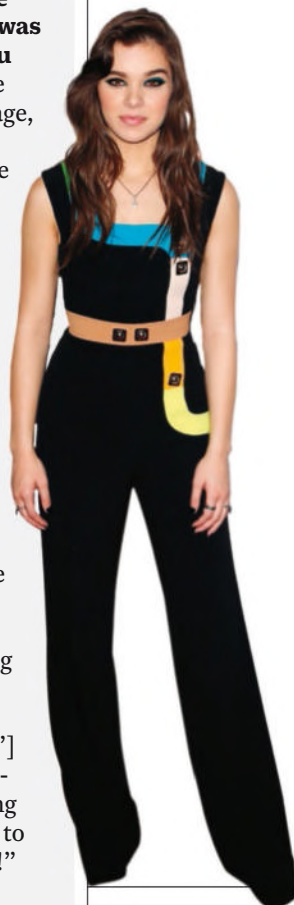
ON MY RADAR

JANE THE VIRGIN

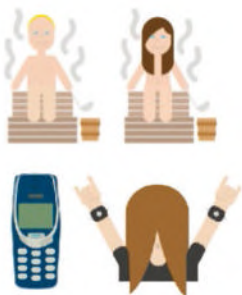
Jane the Virgin I really do love, I'm not going to lie. I catch that every time I can. Gina Rodriguez is so cool.

SELENA GOMEZ, REVIVAL

I've been listening to it nonstop. [The songs are] all so damn good. "Camouflage" is amazing. And "Hands to Myself"? Oh man.



Finland is launching a **set of national emojis**, which will include people sweating in saunas, a Nokia phone and a heavy-metal headbanger.



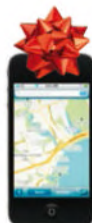
A 73-year-old Nevada man fulfilled his dream of **running a marathon in all 50 states** by finishing the Anthem Manchester City Marathon in New Hampshire.



Jennifer Lawrence revealed **new details about the movie** she and Amy Schumer are writing, in which they play sisters:

‘Amy, in this movie, she has it very together ... and I’m a MESS.’

Google updated its Maps app to **include holiday shopping hours**.



Kelly Clarkson and Josh Groban **performed an impressive cover** of *The Phantom of the Opera*’s “All I Ask of You” for a PBS special.



Spectre **opened with \$73 million** at the U.S. box office, besting every previous Bond film except *Skyfall*.



**LOVE IT
LEAVE IT**

TIME’S WEEKLY TAKE ON

WHAT POPPED IN CULTURE

Some Girl Scout chapters are **raising their cookie prices** for the first time since 2007 (from \$4 a box to \$5).



Police said a Houston man was arrested for fatally **stabbing another man** for taking the last piece of chicken at a dinner with friends.

Starbucks’ new red holiday cups—which do not show any seasonal symbols, such as snowflakes or tree ornaments—prompted some critics **to declare the chain is waging war on Christmas**.



Seattle is **going to scrub 20 years’ worth of gum wads** (an estimated 1 million pieces) off the famous Gum Wall at Pike Place Market—though visitors can add more after the cleaning.



An artwork believed to be the world’s largest cat painting **sold for \$826,000**. It weighs 227 lb. and measures just over 6 by 8 ft.

EMOJIS: FINNISH FOREIGN MINISTRY/AP; RUNNER: GAMFENCE MEDIA; CLARKSON, GROBAN: PBS; CAT PAINTING: COURTESY SOTHEBY’S; HOLIDAY CUP: STARBUCKS; SPECTRE: UNIVERSAL; ALAMY (5)



THE AWESOME COLUMN

After a lesson from a junior celebrity chef, my son is even less impressed by my cooking

By Joel Stein

MY 6-YEAR-OLD SON LASZLO WON'T WATCH ANY FILMED entertainment other than old Hollywood musicals for fear it might be scary. We even have to turn the musicals off before any rumbles or escalating tensions between farmers and ranchers. Laszlo does this, I believe, to make an incisive sociological point about what happens when you name your kid Laszlo.

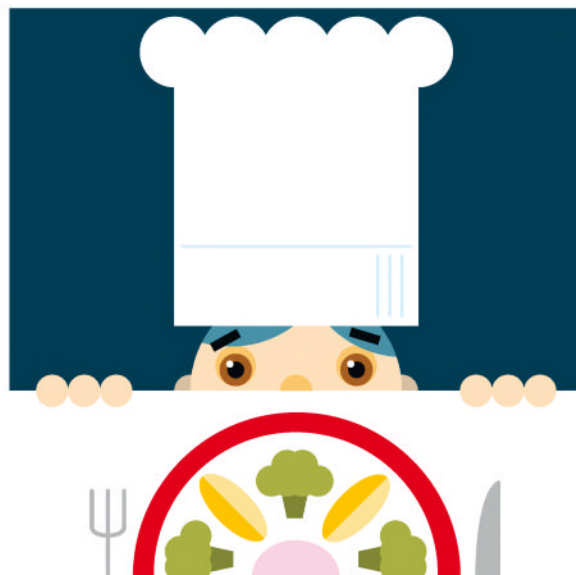
Although I'm enjoying my education in the Vincente Minnelli catalog, I was relieved when Laszlo became obsessed with *MasterChef Junior*, Fox's cooking show with 8-to-13-year-old competitors. Watching kids no taller than he is cook beef-cheek ravioli and Kaffir-lime panna cotta empowered him to turn on our stove, cook omelettes and chop vegetables with large knives. It was not only impressive but also adorable when accompanied by the original 1977 Broadway recording of "It's the Hard-Knock Life."

Unfortunately, in addition to emulating the kid chefs, he copied the judges. At dinner, he would dismiss my "plating," rearranging the potatoes and broccoli along the rim in an alternating pattern. Noticing that his salmon was slightly undercooked, he grimaced, shook his head slowly and, just like judge Gordon Ramsay, said, "What a shame." This is a human being who eats salmon with his hands. Also rice.

TO REFOCUS LASZLO on the cooking part and away from the judging part, I arranged for him to get a cooking lesson from Kya Lau, now 9, who was the youngest contestant and winner of the first Mystery Box Challenge in the new season of *MasterChef*. When I told Laszlo, he got very concerned. "It's hard meeting a very famous person," he said. I explained that he's met people more famous than Kya. "Really? Who?" he asked. I cleared my throat, shrugged, looked up at the ceiling and, eventually, just pointed at myself. "Who?" he asked again. I told him that Ben's mom Gillian Vigman is an actor, which seemed to satisfy him. We're never playdating with Ben again.

We got to the Laus' beautiful home after school on Friday. Kya, her parents and her brother moved here from Hong Kong a few years ago, and they love it. In fact, they love everything. In addition to cooking for her family once a week, Kya, who speaks two languages, plays the theremin and piano, does kung fu, is in a Girl Scout troop, and plays basketball and soccer. For her parents' anniversary, she made them a three-course meal from *The French Laundry Cookbook*. Laszlo enjoys pretending he's a taxi driver who is also a dog.

Kya taught Laszlo a recipe she created: lobster avocado and salmon roe tower with truffle-tamale mayonnaise and edible flowers. She made the mayo from scratch, using the mixer she begged her parents to buy her. I wasn't convinced she was a child until she spent quite a while with the live lobster deciding what to name it, eventually landing on "Laffy Taffy." Then she plunged a knife between its tail shells, killing it with



the method she learned from watching British chef Marco Pierre White.

Kya taught herself to cook by secretly watching cooking videos on her iPad when she was supposed to be sleeping. Which means that as she was teaching Laszlo, she'd say TV-chef things like "We're going to add all that beautiful juice from the truffles because it has all that flavor. Nothing is going to waste in my kitchen." All of her knife cuts were perfect, her pieces of lobster restaurant-quality-even. It took three hours to make the appetizer. And that wasn't because of the fact that her main tools were a pink Hello Kitty spatula and kids' plastic spoons.

I'D ALWAYS ASSUMED that *MasterChef Junior* was faked, perhaps by having pros teach the kids how to make the dishes backstage. Now I know there are fake children. Kya was patient and encouraging with Laszlo; when her parents gave her suggestions, she listened and said thank you. Her 6-year-old brother Dylan also likes to cook, especially duck à l'orange and beef Wellington. They both hugged us and begged us not to go home when it was over. Their parents insisted on opening a 1998 Château d'Yquem to go with the appetizer. I am absolutely certain they are Soviet spies.

When we left, I guiltily felt a little disappointed in my taxi-driver-dog child. Then I realized that not everyone finds his obsession before puberty. And that, unlike the Laus, I haven't obsessed about perfecting my parenting.

At home, Laszlo told me the main thing he learned from the experience is that "you should be plating better. I feel that more now." Also that he was "super-glad" we went to the Laus. "She was so sweet," he said. "Most people aren't that sweet. Most people just kick you in the penis." Of course, Laszlo's special skill would be telling penis jokes. □

Bill Nye The Science Guy follows *Undeniable*, his defense of evolution, with his new book, *Unstoppable*, a call to action on climate change

Why take on climate change now?

It's the most important problem facing humankind, and it's going to take everyone in the world to address it.

Why is it important for you to focus on solutions? I became an engineer because I think any problem can be solved with technology. It's not an exaggeration! The key things we have to provide for everyone are electricity from renewable sources and clean water for everyone in the world.

In the book, you're fairly dismissive of the upcoming Paris climate talks. Well, not dismissive. Without the U.S. in the lead, it's just not going to get done. If the U.S. were out in front, everybody would be on board.

What about President Obama's recent announcement on Keystone? I am relieved that it was canceled at last. It would have been bad for humankind.

Who do you hope to reach with your book? Everyone in the whole world! No, I want it to be another brick in the ziggurat, the Great Pyramid of inspiring people to investigate new sources of renewable energy. To consider them, to vote for them, to support utilities that use them. And we do have this non-trivial problem of having to get the deniers out of the way. They're trouble.

How do you make the average person understand science? You have to have learning objectives—things you want to get across. You want to make a point: Humans and dinosaurs did not live concurrently. If you get the adjacent carbon dating of volcanic soil, that's cool. But what I want you to get is that ancient dinosaurs and humans did not live at the same time. The rest is gravy.

How does it feel to be the representative of all science? It's something I've grown into. What I was taught and what I've embraced is the process of science—that's the main thing. How do

we know what we know? It's through this process of science.

Do you and Neil deGrasse Tyson ever get into engineer-physicist arguments? All the time. That's what we do for fun. He says, "If you assume a level swing, how can you hit a home run?" I go, "Neil, it's not level when you hit a home run." But when it comes to astrophysics, he kicks my ass.

You attended Astronomy Night at the White House. Did you chat with Ahmed Mohamed at all?

The clock guy? Just for a second. He was surrounded. I guess that's just a pun—"just for a second." A hilarious time-passage pun.

You've described yourself as an actor and a scientist. At this point in your career, how do you think of yourself? A science educator, a science popularizer. I do engineer things once in a while, but that doesn't pay that well.

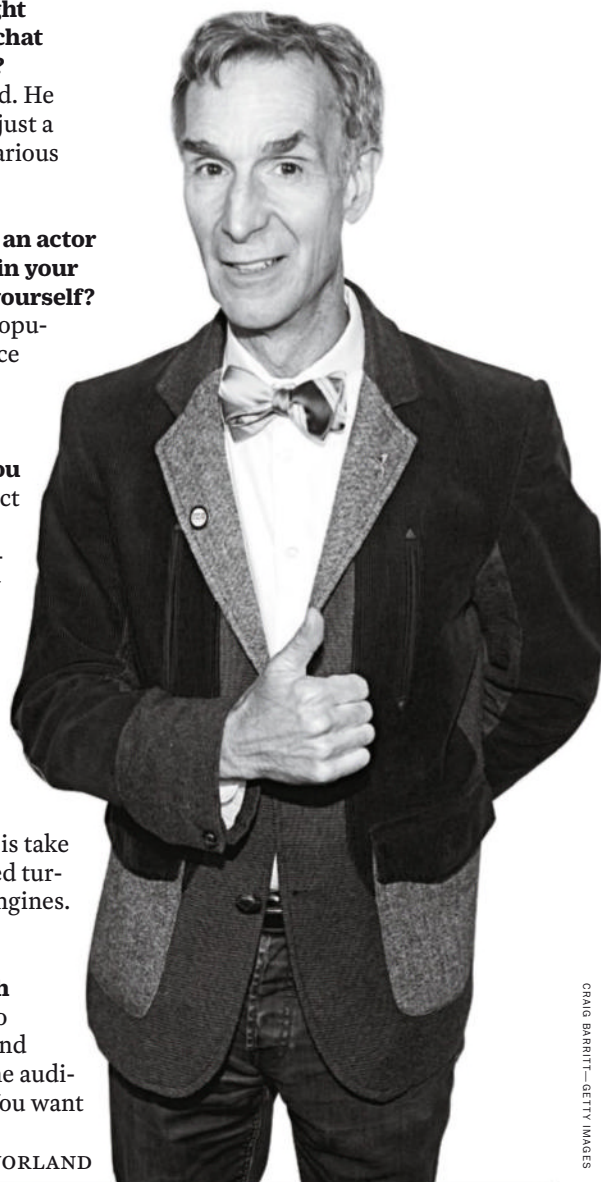
What sort of projects have you done recently? The next project at the house is the rainwater. I have to have much more extensive rainwater capture. I barely capture 200 gallons. I've got to get up in the thousands.

What's a week in the life for you? On a book tour, it's getting on planes and talking and getting on planes and talking. Adding to my carbon footprint! What we want to do is take all aircraft to hydrogen-powered turbines, hydrogen-powered jet engines. We're working on it.

Have you ever been seen with no bow tie? Well, sure. But I do like wearing a tie to feel crisp and dressed up out of respect for the audience. As Jerry Seinfeld said, "You want to look like a headline."

—JUSTIN WORLAND

'We have this nontrivial problem of having to get the deniers out of the way. They're trouble.'



ORAG BARRITT—GETTY IMAGES



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